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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

THE POEMS OF WALLER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY;
AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1818.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND WALLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ENCOMIUM ON WALLER.

FROM ADDISON'S ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

THE courtly WALLER next commands thy lays;
Muse, tune thy verse with art to Waller's praise:
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.
Oh, had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou couldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION IN 1645.

TO MY LADY.

MADAM,

YOUR commands for the gathering of these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obeyed, but intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stayed till the latest grapes were ripe, for here your ladyship hath not only all I have done, but all I ever meant to do in this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry by the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times: as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron, (the ablest of his countrymen) and the former Pope, who, they say, instead of the triple crown, wore sometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament perhaps of lesser weight and trouble. But, madam, these nightingales sung only in the spring; it was the diversion of their youth: as ladies learn to sing and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The resemblance holds further: for as you quit the lute the sooner because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry, so this is not always practised without some villany[1] to the mind, wresting it from present occasions, and accustoming us to a still somewhat removed from common use. But that you may not think his case deplorable who had made verses, we are told that Tully (the greatest wit among the

[1] Qu. violence?

Romans) was once sick of this disease; and yet recovered so well, that of almost as bad a poet as your servant, he became the most perfect orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuse; the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely; that is, to conceal those we have made, which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your ladyship as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ears; if you publish them they are your own; and therefore, as you apprehend the approach of a wit, and a poet, cast them into the fire: or if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) to tear them in pieces, wherein you shall honour me with the fate of Orpheus, for so his poems, whereof we only tear the form, (not his limbs, as the story will have it) I suppose were scattered by the Thracian dames. Here, madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of our sex. But as they will be apt to take your ladyship's for a Roman name, so would they believe that I endeavoured the character of a perfect nymph, worshipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the lady of my brain, not of the heart of your ladyship's most humble servant,

E. W.

PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1664.

When the Author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, he was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking printer, as one [1] did to an ill reciter,

Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults, (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the authors) his answer was, that he made these when ill verses had more favour, and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression which hitherto have hung upon his book, as the Turks hang old rags, or such like ugly things, upon their fairest horses and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And for those of a more confined understanding, who pretend not to censure, (as they admire most what they least comprehend) so his verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at least, have a title to some ad-

[1] Martial, lib. i. ep. 39.

miration; which is no small matter, if what an old author observes be true, that the aim of orators is victory; of historians, truth; and of poets, admiration. He had reason, therefore, to indulge those faults in his book, whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The printer also, he thought, would fare the worse if those faults were amended; for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones; and clipped and washed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

These are the reasons which, for above twelve years past, he has opposed to our request; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recal that which had so long been made public, so might it find excuse from his youth, the season it was produced in: and for what had been done since, and now added, if it commend not his poetry, it might his philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear so great a calamity as the loss of the best part of his fortune, torn from him in prison, (in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burden, not unlike that Roman [2],

> Quem demisere Philippi
> Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
> Et laris et fundi.
>
> Whose spreading wings the Civil War had clipt,
> And him of his old patrimony stript.

Who yet not long after could say,

> Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus
> Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
> Portare ventis. Lib. i. ode 26.
>
> They that acquainted with the Muses be,
> Send care and sorrow by the winds to sea.

[2] Horace, lib. ii. ep. 2.

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours, or pleased with our rhymes, as wearied with our importunity, he has at last given us leave to assure the reader that the Poems which have been so long and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them; as also to add some others which have since been composed by him: and though his advice to the contrary might have discouraged us, yet observing how often they have been reprinted, what price they have borne, and how earnestly they have been always inquired after, but especially of late, (making good that of Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit. Lib. ii. ep. i.

'some verses being, like some wines, recommended to our taste by time and age') we have adventured upon this new and well-corrected edition, which, for our own sakes as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.

Vivitu, ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND PART OF THESE POEMS, IN 1690.

THE reader needs be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's; a name that carries every thing in it that is either great or graceful in poetry. He was, indeed, the parent of English verse, and the first that showed us our tongue had beauty and numbers in it. Our language owes more to him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu and the whole Academy. A poet cannot think of him without being in the same rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way.

> Tu pater, et rerum inventor; tu patria nobis
> Suppeditas præcepta: tuisque ex, inclyte! chartis,
> Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
> Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta;
> Aurea! perpetua semper dignissima vita!
>
> Lib. iii. ver. 9.

The tongue came into his hands like a rough diamond: he polished it first, and to that degree, that all artists since him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough; but, as all they did in this kind was not very considerable, so it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners, and

for aught I know, last too; for I question whether in Charles II.'s reign English did not come to its full perfection, and whether it has not had its Augustan age as well as the Latin. It seems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, as chemists say of their menstruums, to be quite sated with the infusion: but posterity will best judge of this. In the mean time, it is a surprising reflection, that between what Spenser wrote last, and Waller first, there should not be much above twenty years distance; and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilst the other's words are like old coins, one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earnest!

Some painters will hit the chief lines and masterstrokes of a face so truly, that through all the differences of age the picture shall still bear a resemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: he sought out in this flowing tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament; and this he did so successfully, that his language is now as fresh as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the English poet, and overflows whatever he builds; but this was less his case than any man's that ever wrote; and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute itself; for though English be mouldering stone, as he tells

us there, yet he has certainly picked the best out of a bad quarry.

We are no less beholden to him for the new turn of verse which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our numbers. Before his time men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables, which, when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untunable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Besides, their verses ran all into one another, and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked atoms that compose a body in Des Cartes. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon; but as soon as the copy began, down it went like a larum, incessantly, and the reader was sure to be out of breath before he got to the end of it: so that really verse, in those days, was but downright prose tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all these faults, brought in more polysyllables and smoother measures, bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the verse he wrote in; so that wherever the natural stops of that were, he contrived the little breakings of his sense so as to fall in with them: and, for that reason, since the stress of our verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you will hardly ever find him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not

afraid the reader would think me too nice, that he commonly closes with verbs, in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements we may reckon that of his rhymes, which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that sense was cloyed by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. It is a decided case by the great master of writing [1], *Quæ sunt ampla, et pulchra, diu placere possunt; quæ lepida et concinna*, (amongst which rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place) *cito satietate afficiunt aurium sensum fastidiosissimum.* This he understood very well; and therefore, to take off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety and new sounds. Had he carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of poetry, and have led his later judgment to blank verse: but he continued an obstinate lover of rhyme to the very last: it was a mistress that never appeared unhandsome in his eyes, and was courted by him long after Sacharissa was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in; and the poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer him ever to slight a thing he had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial; no man ever rhymed truer and evener than he; yet he is so just as to confess that it is but a trifle, and to wish the tyrant dethroned, and blank verse

[1] Ad Herennium, lib. iv.

set up in its room. There is a third person[2], the living glory of our English poetry, who has disclaimed the use of it upon the stage, though no man ever employed it there so happily as he. It was the strength of his genius that first brought it into credit in Plays, and it is the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing it continues still, and will do so till some excellent spirit arises that has leisure enough, and resolution, to break the charm, and free us from "the troublesome bondage of rhyming," as Mr. Milton very well calls it, and has proved it as well by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at some distance; the present age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furnish out matter for a good poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now. Without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

Whilst I am talking of verse, I find myself, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of prose. I intended no more than to put the reader in mind what respect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. Waller. I have heard his last-printed copies which are added in the several editions of his poems very slightly spoken of, but certainly they do not deserve it: they do indeed discover themselves to be his last, and that is the worst we can say of them. He is there

Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus[3].

The same censure, perhaps, will be passed on the pieces of this Second Part. I shall not so far en-

[2] Mr. Dryden. [3] Virg. Æn. vi. ver. 304.

gage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigour of his youth; yet they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any man will at first sight know them to be Mr. Waller's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceased. The play was altered to please the court: it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brothers' characters. It was agreeable to the sweetness of Mr. Waller's temper to soften the rigour of the tragedy, as he expresses it: but whether it be so agreeable to the nature of tragedy itself to make every thing come off easily, I leave to the critics. In the prologue and epilogue there are a few verses that he has made use of upon another occasion; but the reader may be pleased to allow that in him that has been allowed so long in Homer and Lucretius. Exact writers dress up their thoughts so very well always, that when they have need of the same sense, they cannot put it into other words but it must be to its prejudice. Care has been taken, in this book, to get together every thing of Mr. Waller's that is not put into the former collection; so that between both, the reader may make the set complete.

It will, perhaps, be contended, after all, that some of these ought not to have been published; and Mr. Cowley's[4] decision will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbish. It might be answered to this, that the pictures and poems of great masters have been always valued, though the last hand

[4] In the preface to his works.

were not put to them: and I believe none of those gentlemen that will make the objection would refuse a sketch of Raphael's or one of Titian's draughts of the first sitting. I might tell them, too, what care has been taken, by the learned, to preserve the fragments of the ancient Greek and Latin poets: there has been thought to be a divinity in what they said; and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up and reverenced like religious relics: and I am sure, take away the *mille anni*[5], and impartial reasoning will tell us, there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller, as to the most celebrated names of Antiquity.

But, to wave the dispute now of what *ought* to have been done, I can assure the reader what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: it were vain to expect that, among so many admirers of Mr. Waller, they should not meet with one fond enough to publish them. They might have staid, indeed, till by frequent transcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind; but then they would have found their way into the world: so it was thought a greater piece of kindness to the Author to put them out whilst they continue genuine and unmixed, and such as he himself, were he alive, might own.

[5] Alluding to that verse in Juvenal,

* * * Et uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos * * * *Sat.* 7.

And yields to Homer on no other score,
Than that he liv'd a thousand years before.
Mr. C. Dryden.

DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

LET others boast the Nine Aonian maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades,
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse:
In vain! nor Phœbus nor the boasted Nine
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine:
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.
When Waller, kindling with celestial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possest,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast;
But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureate realm he urg'd his toil.
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender powers of love:
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.
As angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light:

The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray;
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound;
With varied notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
Maker and model of melodious verse!
Accept these votive honours at thy hearse.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise!
So warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.
  In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley! view
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you:
To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,
In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of withering Time,
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime:
Still kindling rapture, see! she moves in state;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight,
In purest minds may stain the virgin-white:
How bright and chaste the poet and his theme!
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.
A sainted virtue to the spheres may sing
Those strains that ravish'd here the Martyr-king.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave—to Fame,
And what he could not praise, forgot to name:
Thus Eden's rose without a thorn display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.
  Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd:

Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,
The swains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound:
Fancy pursued the paths where Beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead:
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the zephyrs sigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair
Breath'd in a flower, or sparkled in a star.
Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flowers,
Where Spring resides in soft Elysian bowers;
While these the bow'rs adorn, and they the sphere,
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name
Must take a dimmer interval of fame;
When you to full meridian lustre rise,
With Morton's shape and Gloriana's eyes,
With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mien,
And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene;
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners, more refin'd!
That angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd Morn awakes the May:
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow:
Her Titian tints the Painter nymph resumes;
The canvass warm with roseate beauty blooms:
Inspir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and softens with your smile!
Proud to receive the form, by fate design'd
The fairest model of the fairer kind.

But hear, O hear the Muse's heavenly voice!
The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice:
Attend, ye Gales! to Margaretta's praise,
And all ye listening Loves record the lays!
So Philomela charms the' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign,
The first, the brightest, of the starry train.
What favourite youth assign the Fates to rise,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains
Trophies achieved on Gallia's viny plains,
Or smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays,
The patriot's olive, and the poet's bays:
Adorn, ye Fates! the favourite youth assign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form and mind:
In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good:
His breast the guardian ark of heav'n-born law,
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe:
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd;
Not fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.
In courts and camps, in council and retreat,
Wise, brave, and studious to support the state;
With candour firm; without ambition bold,
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold;
That Heav'n may judge the choicest blessings due,
And give the various good compris'd in you.

E. FENTON.

MISCELLANIES.

OF THE DANGER

HIS MAJESTY (BEING PRINCE)

Escaped in the Road at St. Andero.

Now had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the sphere of his own pow'r, the main;
With British bounty in his ship he feasts
The' Hesperian princes, his amazed guests,
To find that wat'ry wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healths to both kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons, echoed from the' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove;
While to his harp divine Arion sings
The loves and conquests of our Albion kings.
  Of the Fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head,
Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:
Till love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd side:
Neglected Warwick (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state)
Woos for his master; and with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,

The lady Bona whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave the' affront, and must repair the same:
When France shall boast of her, whose conquering eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize;
Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our state.
What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play,
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must anon this royal troop engage;
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.
These mighty peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge,
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep;
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;
They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
Toss'd to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons still securely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their sacred load;

Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
That the good boat this tempest should outlive.
  But storms increase, and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the Prince's face;
The rest resign their courage, skill, and sight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle vessel (wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver Thames to ride)
Wanders astonish'd in the angry main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous son [1],
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire
Waves threaten now, as that was scar'd by fire.
The' impatient Sea grows impotent and raves,
That, Night assisting, his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
The' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side:
So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.
  The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more
Than with the pleasures of their court before:
Godlike his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of Death affright.
Next to the pow'r of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempest feign,
When the loud winds usurping on the main

[1] Phaeton.

For angry Juno, labour'd to destroy
The hated relics of confounded Troy:
His bold Æneas, on like billows tost
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
Dissolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd
In honourable fight: our hero, set
In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untasted joys,
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
Where he had seen a brighter nymph than she[2]
That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above
The' heroic Prince's courage or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
The shrine should perish where that image dwelt.
Ah, Love forbid! the noblest of thy train
Should not survive to let her know his pain;
Who, nor his peril minding nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court,
All highly born, obsequious to her sport:
They roses seem, which in their early pride
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide;

[2] Venus.

She the glad Morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so;
Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray
Foretels the fervour of ensuing day,
And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy shadows from the threaten'd heat.
From Cupid's string of many shafts, that fled
Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had shed,
As through the wondering world she flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the royal maid,
But Love's first summons' seldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had so possest her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.
And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Musæus so divinely sung;
Which art with life and love did so inspire,
That she discerns and favours that desire;
Which there provokes the' advent'rous youth to swim,
And in Leander's danger pities him;
Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.
For from the stern of some good ship appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And, climbing o'er the waves, that taper make
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.

The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides
knock;
Whose rage restrained, foaming higher swells,
And from her port the weary barge repels,
Threatening to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Would not be moved for our sister states.
For England is the third successful throw,
And then the genius of that land they know,
Whose prince must be (as their own books devise)
Lord of the scene where now his danger lies.
Well sung the Roman bard, 'All human things
Of dearest value hang on slender strings.'
O see the then sole hope, and, in design
Of Heav'n, our joy, supported by a line!
Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends,
One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RECEIVING THE NEWS OF

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

So earnest with thy God! can no new care,
No sense of danger, interrupt thy pray'r?
The sacred Wrestler, till a blessing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n.
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stopt,
When from the body such a limb was lopt,

As to thy present state was no less maim,
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign
In his best pattern[1]: of Patroclus slain,
With such amazement as weak mothers use,
And frantic gesture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by the' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by royal Hector's lance;
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.
The famous painter[2] could allow no place
For private sorrow in a prince's face:
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
'Twas want of such a precedent as this
Made the old Heathen frame their gods amiss.
Their Phœbus should not act a fonder part
For the fair boy[3], than he did for his hart;
Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own,
That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been known.
He that with thine shall weigh good David's deeds,
Shall find his passion nor his love exceeds:
He curs'd the mountains where his brave friend died,
But let false Ziba with his heir divide;
Where thy immortal love to thy blest friends,
Like that of Heav'n, upon their seed descends.
Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
Godlike, unmov'd, and yet, like woman, kind!
Which of the ancient poets had not brought
Our Charles's pedigree from Heav'n, and taught
How some bright dame, compress'd by mighty Jove,
Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

[1] Achilles. [2] Timanthes. [3] Cyparissus.

ON THE TAKING OF SALLE.

Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
Light seem the tales Antiquity has told:
Such beasts and monsters as their force opprest,
Some places only, and some times infest.
Salle, that scorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threatening with a rude
And savage race, successively renew'd;
Their king despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profest to all the world beside;
This pest of mankind gives our hero fame,
And through the' obliged world dilates his name.
  The Prophet once to cruel Agag said,
As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine; and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword:
Just Charles like measure has return'd to these
Whose pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas;
With ships they made the spoiled merchant mourn;
With ships their city and themselves are torn.
One squadron of our winged castles sent,
O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent:
For not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of tempests in the seas,
Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
Whole flocks of sheep and ravish'd cattle bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the sea!
Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's seed invades,

Who for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.
Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his presence his affairs exact,
Had come in person to have seen and known
The injur'd world's revenger and his own.
Hither he sends the chief among his peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears;
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchless horse.

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S

REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.

THAT shipwreck'd vessel which the' Apostle bore,
Scarce suffer'd more upon Melita's shore,
Than did his temple in the sea of time,
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the first Monarch[1] of this happy isle,
Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his glorious son,
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise sire has to perfection brought;
He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap;
For in his art of regiment is found
A power like that of harmony in sound.
Those antique minstrels sure were Charles-like [kings,
Cities their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings,

[1] King James I.

On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took:
So all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles' great apostle, and deface
Those state-obscuring shades, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand:
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.
  Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of some new structure, to have borne her name.
Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty and greatness of his mind;
Which not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallowed from the jaws of time
Reduce; an earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new church, but the old refine;
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace com-
More than by force of argument or hand. [mand,
For doubtful reason few can apprehend,
And war brings ruin where it should amend;
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.
  Not aught which Sheba's wondering queen beheld
Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd
His ships and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.
  While the propitious heavens this work attend,
Long-wanted showers they forget to send;
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.

The sun which riseth to salute the quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty could so far extend:
The King built all, but Charles the western end.
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens and obliges Heav'n!
Laomedon, that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day [2],
Could no such structure raise: Troy wall'd so high,
The' Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour kings,
To see such pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy than build.

— Sic gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis— HOR.

OF THE QUEEN.

The lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora smiling bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice;
Singing she mounts; her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rd Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her note she [fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain the' ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,

[2] Apollo.

Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes. [soul,
  Those sovereign beams which heal the wounded
And all our cares, but once beheld, control!
There the poor lover, that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
Fares like the man who first upon the ground
A glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone;
He held it dear, till by the springing day
Inform'd he threw the worthless worm away.
  She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heav'n, and these expostulations use:
'Could Nature then no private woman grace,
Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious pow'r has plac'd this glorious light?'
  Thus in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky,
Which, though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compassion to mankind;
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face;
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the distressed find
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,

That whom ill Fate would ruin it prefers,
For all the miserable are made her's.
So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds, [shields:
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,
The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.
  Joy of our age, and safety of the next!
For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waste thy spirits and diffuse thy blood,
What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
Where monarchs, thus descended, are to reign!
Led by commanders of so fair a line,
Our seas no longer shall our pow'r confine.
  A brave romance who would exactly frame,
First brings his knight from some immortal dame,
And then a weapon and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield.
None might the mother of Achilles be,
But the fair pearl and glory of the sea [1]:
The man to whom great Maro gives such fame [2],
From the high bed of heavenly Venus came;
And our next Charles, whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

FOR NOT APPROACHING THE LADY WHO CAN DO ANY THING BUT SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASETH.

My charge it is those breaches to repair
Which Nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care:

[1] Thetis. [2] Æneas.

Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her
Whom Heav'n, and her transcendent thoughts, have
plac'd
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.
Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free:
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasure, such true joys dispense,
What dream can I present to recompense?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command;
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest
Among the' immortals, who with nectar feast,
That pow'r would seem, that entertainment, short
Of the true splendour of her present court,
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending, do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To overcast her ever-shining mind,
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies;
That crystal heav'n, where Phœbus never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what so hard which numbers cannot force?
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.
The bold Mæonian [1] made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep;
And since the Muses do invoke my pow'r,
I shall no more decline that sacred bow'r

[1] Homer.

Where Gloriana their great mistress lies,
But gently taming those victorious eyes,
Charm all her senses, till the joyful sun
Without a rival half his course has run;
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

PUERPERIUM.

You gods that have the pow'r
To trouble and compose
All that's beneath your bow'r,
Calm silence on the seas, on earth impose.

Fair Venus! in thy soft arms
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breast canst tame
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great goddess! give this thy sacred island rest;
Make Heav'n smile,
That no storm disturb us while
Thy chief care, our halcyon, builds her nest.

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!
Bright as high Heaven is, and fertile as earth,
Whose beauty relieves us,
Whose royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace,
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

IN MOURNING.

When from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the sun appear,
Heav'n then would seem thy image, and reflect
Those sable vestments and that bright aspect.
A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity is fairer made;
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get,
A Venus rising from a sea of jet!
Such was the' appearance of new-formed Light,
While yet it struggled with eternal Night.
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
Of glory by thy noble Lord's decease.
We find not that the laughter-loving dame [1]
Mourn'd for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed:
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Men's hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief: as well
Bright Phœbus might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow: nothing stands,
But pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou must do so alone;
Grief in thy presence can lay hold on none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove,
Who, by the pow'r of his inchanting tongue
Swords from the hands of threatening monarchs wrung.

[1] Venus.

War he prevented, or soon made it cease,
Instructing princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made Sheba's curious queen resort
To the large-hearted Hebrew's [2] famous court.
Had Homer sat amongst his wondering guests,
He might have learn'd, at those stupendous feasts,
With greater bounty and more sacred state,
The banquets of the gods to celebrate.
But, oh! what elocution might he use,
What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
His absent master's love into the heart
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, country, and the sun,
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms? while the Parisian dames
Mourn for the ravish'd glory; at her flames
No less amaz'd than the amazed stars,
When the bold charmer of Thessalia wars
With Heav'n itself, and numbers does repeat,
Which call descending Cynthia from her seat.

[2] Solomon.

IN ANSWER TO ONE WHO

WRIT A LIBEL AGAINST THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
  With Diomede, to wound the Queen of Love?
Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair?
  Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move
So blind a rage, with such a diff'rent fate;
He honour won where thou hast purchas'd hate.

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe;
  Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,
Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe,
  While after her the gazing world does move.
Canst thou not be content to love alone?
Or is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield,
  Which but disclos'd amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?
  So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies;
  Rewarding Phœbus for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those eyes
  His joyful beams; but Phœbus is thy foe,
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight,
So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

OF HER CHAMBER.

They taste of death that do at Heav'n arrive,
But we this paradise approach alive.
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike,
And renders all within these walls alike.
The high in titles, and the shepherd, here
Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear.
All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,
Lose thought of what themselves or others are:
Ambition lose, and have no other scope,
Save Carlisle's favour, to employ their hope.
The Thracian[1] could (though all those tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,
Fearless and wrathless while they heard him play.
The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdued alike, all but one passion have:
No worthy mind but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
While she with cheerful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like Phœbus so divides her light,
And warms us, that she stoops not from her height.

[1] Orpheus.

ON MY

LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY'S PICTURE.

SUCH was Philoclea, and such Dorus'[1] flame!
The matchless Sidney[2], that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd,
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With such extremes of excellence, compose,
Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artist took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends[3] had jarr'd,
And, rivals made, the' ensuing story marr'd.
Just Nature, first instructed by his thought,
In his own house thus practis'd what he taught:
This glorious piece transcends what he could think,
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

[1] Pamela. [2] Sir Philip Sidney.
[3] Pyrocles and Musidores.

AT PENSHURST.

HAD Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her pow'r that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have;
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place;
And beauty too, and order, can impart,
Where Nature ne'er intended it nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre.
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshall'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
And in the symmetry' of her parts is found
A pow'r like that of harmony in sound.
  Ye lofty beeches! tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!
Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love;
His humble love whose hope shall ne'er rise higher,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

OF THE LADY

WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASES.

No wonder Sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in Sacharissa's eyes.
As fair Astræa once from earth to heav'n,
By strife and loud impiety was driv'n;
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wise Somnus to that paradise repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
To court the nymph for whom those wretches wake.
More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold,
Is the soft god those softer limbs to hold;
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
In dark'ning clouds, the pow'r to close her eyes;
Eyes which so far all other lights control,
They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul!
  Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet and untroubled rest,
Know that though Venus and her son should spare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care,
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep,
And for another's joy suspend her sleep.

OF THE

MISREPORT OF HER BEING PAINTED.

As when a sort of wolves infest the night
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light,
The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the mistress of the skies;

So with the news of Sacharissa's wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues;
Call Love to witness that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire;
While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
With this new malice than our loves before;
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our passions without smile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame whom Heav'n affecteth so!
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
Like glorious colours through the flowery meads,
When lavish Nature, with her best attire,
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the same art wherewith she paints the morn;
With the same art wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.

OF HER PASSING

THROUGH A CROWD OF PEOPLE.

As in old chaos (Heav'n with earth confus'd,
And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruis'd)
The sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd;
So in this throng bright Sacharissa far'd,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard;
As ships, though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a tempest on their admiral.

A greater favour this disorder brought
Unto her servants than their awful thought
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
While love insults, disguised in the cloud
And welcome force of that unruly crowd.
So the' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired palm;
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs,
Though loth he seems her tender leaves to press,
More loth he is that friendly storm should cease,
From whose rude bounty he the double use
At once receives, of pleasure and excuse.

THE STORY OF

PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE

APPLIED.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;
Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,

Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

FABULA PHŒBI ET DAPHNES.

Arcadiæ juvenis Thyrsis, Phœbique sacerdos,
Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat;
Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illâ:
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
Pascua: formosam nunc his componere nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.
Audiit illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonantem;
Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis!
Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsâ reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.

AT PENSHURST.

While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear.
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.

To gods appealing, when I reach their bow'rs
With loud complaints, they answer me in show'rs.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is giv'n,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
He sprung [1], that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm a nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high desire
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the Spring
In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those healing springs [2],
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion: now my traitorous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint the' indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advis'd me: 'On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,

[1] Sir Philip Sidney. [2] Tunbridge Wells

That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find."
Ah, cruel Nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heav'n has heap'd on her.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT

SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

Tell me, lovely, loving pair!
  Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care,
  Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
  You the pow'r of Love control,
While the Boy's deluded darts
  Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
  Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a foreign guest,
  Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
  When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
  To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
  Yok'd in Cytherea's car,
Not the wings that lift so high,
  And convey her son so far.

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
  Or do more ennoble love;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
  Or with more consent do move.

A LA MALADE.

Ah, lovely Amoret! the care
Of all that know what's good or fair!
Is Heav'n become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers—to pretend?
  Hence to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no pow'r is giv'n
Thy beauties to impair; for Heav'n
Solicits thee with such a care,
As roses from their stalks we tear,
When we would still preserve them new
And fresh as on the bush they grew.
  With such a grace you entertain
And look with such contempt on pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in storms appear
Scorch more than when the skies are clear.

And as pale sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, still more clear
Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathless mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn,
From their fair limbs, exposing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following gods, increase their flame,
And haste to catch the flying game.

UPON THE

DEATH OF MY LADY RICH.

May those already curs'd Essexian plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light which all our island grac'd,
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that exposed to the boisterous wind.
Ah, cruel Heav'n! to snatch so soon away
Her for whose life, had we had time to pray,
With thousand vows and tears we should have sought
That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
But we, alas! no whisper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread,
Strook all our ears,—'The Lady Rich is dead!'
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue;
That Death should licence have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!

The Paphian Queen[1] from that fierce battle
With gored hand and veil so rudely torn, [borne,
Like terror did among the' immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that goddesses may bleed.
All stand amazed! but beyond the rest
The' heroic dame[2] whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief, expostulates with Heav'n,
Urging the promise to the' obsequious giv'n,
Of longer life; for ne'er was pious soul
More apt to' obey, more worthy to control.
A skilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,
And sweet humility: her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do:
So gentle and severe, that what was bad,
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rolling lights of Heav'n as change her course.
Some happy angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here!
And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast, [known.
That all our art and power of speech is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.
There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair Sacharissa!—and now only fair!
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear,

[1] Venus. [2] Christian, Countess of Devonshire.

(Such as the Romans did erect of old)
Where on a marble pillar shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless pair.
Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like than yours to her fair mind,
Save that she grac'd the several parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife.
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.
How false is Hope, and how regardless Fate,
That such a love should have so short a date!
Lately I saw her sighing part from thee;
(Alas that that the last farewell should be!)
So look'd Astræa, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind.
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last;
For as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole,
So all we know of what they do above,
Is that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well-chosen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the sky.
Then grieve no more that one so heavenly shap'd
The crooked hand of trembling Age escap'd:
Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away,
Her wondrous beauty and her goodness merit
We should suppose, that some propitious spirit
In that celestial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

OF LOVE.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes:
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women (born to be controll'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppress'd,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd the' unruly horse.
  Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them opprest
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,

Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
  All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
  So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

Let brutes and vegetals, that cannot think
So far as drought and nature urges, drink;
A more indulgent mistress guides our sprites,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care as well as thirst redress,
And with divinity rewards excess.

Deserted Ariadne, thus supplied,
Did perjur'd Theseus' cruelty deride:
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.
Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove allied,
And each by other's timely heat supplied:
All that the grapes owe to his ripening fires
Is paid in numbers which their juice inspires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
Shows for my sake what his bold hand would do.

OF MY LADY ISABELLA,

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

Such moving sounds from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud,
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listening deer.
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

Behold, and listen, while the fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love control,
Which more than one way courts the soul?
  So when a flash of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from Heav'n it came;
But if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

OF THE

MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

Design or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame
And measure out this only dame.
  Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains top'd with snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah, Chloris! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

Treading the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave;
Resolv'd my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,
None but those eyes could have o'erthrown;
The nymph I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from Heav'n endure.

FROM A CHILD.

MADAM, as in some climes the warmer sun
Makes it full summer e'er the spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad;
So measure not by any common use
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrapp'd my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
That hasty time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now;
That I might ever such indulgence find,
And you not blush, or think yourself too kind;
Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less.
The sound of love makes your soft heart afraid,
And guard itself, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breast throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.
  It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

THE FALL.

See! how the willing earth gave way,
To take the' impression where she lay.
See! how the mould, as loth to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
Close to the nymph's stain'd garment. Here
The coming spring would first appear,
And all this place with roses strow,
If busy feet would let them grow.
  Here Venus smil'd to see blind Chance
Itself before her son advance,
And a fair image to present,
Of what the boy so long had meant.
'Twas such a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall;
Thus the first lovers, on the clay,
Of which they were composed, lay.
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the first patterns of our race.
  Then blush not, Fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble straight;
How could he then support your weight?
How could the youth, alas! but bend,
When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd?
If aught by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

OF SYLVIA.

Our sighs are heard; just Heav'n declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares:
She that so far the rest outshin'd,
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now:
So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name,
Lest she, provoking Heav'n, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcast
With sullen clouds, should be defac'd.

THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
  Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
  And did but half itself disclose:
I pluck'd it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
  With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
  And spreading so, would flame anon:
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
  What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love, and music too,
  When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft her youth invades?

ON THE

DISCOVERY OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

Pygmalion's fate revers'd is mine;
  His marble love took flesh and blood:
All that I worshipp'd as divine,
  That beauty! now 'tis understood,
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
  Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
Although that seeming cause take end,
  And they behold no danger near;
A shaking through their limbs they find,
Like leaves saluted by the wind:

So though the beauty do appear
  No beauty, which amaz'd me so;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
  The passion which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy rase
The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty, though too near,
  The fond Narcissus did admire;
I dote on that which is no where;
  The sign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel!

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not caring to observe the wind,
  Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself, how far behind
  Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep?
No: 'tis so rockless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From shipwreck'd vessels, but there borne.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
  Which time and use are wont to teach,
  The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the Boy;
Can with a single look inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

It is not that I love you less,
  Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
  Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for every thing,
  Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
  And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
  Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
  Which Phœbus through his veins has shot:

Too late he would the pain assuage,
  And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
  And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
  Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
  The vow I made—to love you too.

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

As lately I on silver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I spied:
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine,
And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

GAL. You that can tune your sounding strings so
Of ladies' beauties and of love to tell, [well,
Once change your note, and let your lute report
The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYR. Fair nymph! I have in your delights no
Nor ought to be concerned in your care; [share,
Yet would I sing if I your sorrows knew,
And to my aid invoke no Muse but you.

GAL. Hear then, and let your song augment our
Which is so great as not to wish relief. [grief,
She that had all which Nature gives, or Chance,
Whom Fortune join'd with Virtue to advance
To all the joys this island could afford,
The greatest mistress and the kindest lord;
Who with the royal mixt her noble blood,
And in high grace with Gloriana stood;
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such
That none e'er thought her happiness too much;
So well-inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heav'n had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well she acted in this span of life,
That though few years (too few, alas!) she told,
She seem'd in all things but in beauty old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave

The smiling pendent which adorns her so,
And until Autumn on the bough should grow;
So seem'd her youthful soul not eas'ly forc'd,
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorc'd:
Her fate at once did hasty seem and slow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYR. Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn:
What Heav'n sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wondering eyes!
But since the Sisters[1] did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe, sad nymph! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name:
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The listening trees and savage mountains groan.
What rock's not moved when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?

GAL. 'Twas Hamilton!—whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

So we some antique hero's strength
Learn by his lance's weight and length;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they drest.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase?

[1] Parcæ.

Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile head! which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring,
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing;
Which might it never have been cast,
(Each year's growth added to the last)
These lofty branches had supplied
The earth's bold sons' prodigious pride:
Heav'n with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

IN A MASK.

Balls of this metal slack'd At'lanta's pace,
And on the amorous youth[1] bestow'd the race:
Venus, (the nymph's mind measuring by her own)
Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown
Had prostrated to Mars, could well advise
The' adventrous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe,
For when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
Who can blame Danae, or the brazen tow'r,
That they withstood not that almighty show'r?
Never till then did love make Jove put on
A form more bright and nobler than his own;
Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
That slack devotion should his thunder scape.

[1] Hippomenes.

'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
Those ass's ears on Mida's temples hung,
But fond repentance of his happy wish,
Because his meat grew metal like his dish.
Would Bacchus bless me so, I'd constant hold
Unto my wish, and die creating gold.

UPON BEN. JONSON.

Mirror of poets! mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults, endures
A remedy like those whom music cures.
Thou hast alone those various inclinations
Which Nature gives to ages, sexes, nations;
So traced with thy all-resembling pen,
That whate'er custom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them so,
That scarce a brother can his brother know)
Is represented to the wondering eyes
Of all that see or read thy Comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind;
And by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus, cozen'd by that flattering well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion grac'd.

The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use,
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldst all characters impart,
So none could render thine, which still escapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes;
Who was nor this nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All these good plays, but those of others too:
Thy wit repeated does support the stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this age,
No worthies, form'd by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine.
  What brave commander is not proud to see
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn
Outdone by thine, in what themselves have worn:
The' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her gown.
  I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid[1];
And when I venture at the comic style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.
  Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd
Our sport in plays, by rendering it too hard!
So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts;

[1] The Maid's Tragedy.

But if some brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toss the axletree a yard
Or more beyond the furthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

VERSES TO

DR. GEORGE ROGERS[1],

ON HIS TAKING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR IN PHYSIC AT PADUA, IN THE YEAR 1664.

When as of old the earth's bold children strove,
With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove,
Pallas and Mars stood by their sovereign's side,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd;
While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muses best,
Descending from their so distemper'd seat,
Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.
There first Apollo tried the various use
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And fram'd that art, to which who can pretend
A juster title than our noble friend?
Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad.
This crowns him here, and in the bays, so earn'd,
His country's honour is no less concern'd,

[1] This little poem was printed, together with several others on the same occasion, by Dr. Rogers, alone with his inaugural exercise at Padua, and afterwards in the same manner republished by him at London, together with his Harveian oration before the College of Physicians, in the year 1682 while Mr. Waller was yet living.

Though the above verses were first printed in 1664, they seem to have been written before the Restoration, as appears from the lines toward the conclusion.

Since it appears not all the English rave,
To ruin bent; some study how to save:
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His sacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave friend! suppose that thy great skill,
Thy gentle mind and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,
Their spirits calm, and peace again shall smile.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why sit we mute,
  Now that each bird saluteth the spring?
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
  Never canst thou want matter to sing;
For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYL. Sweetest! you know the sweetest of things
  Of various flow'rs the bees do compose;
Yet no particular taste it brings
  Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose:
So love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

CHLO. Hylas! the birds which chant in this grove,
  Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
  And reprehend thy inconstant Muse;
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do choose, bounds their desire.

HYL. Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
  Which the warm season hither does bring;
Time from yourself does further remove
  You than the winter from the gay spring:
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath blasted.

IN ANSWER OF

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

CON.

STAY here, fond youth! and ask no more; be wise;
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise.
  PRO And by your knowledge we should be bereft
Of all that paradise which yet is left. [should still
  CON. The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst
Last in their pride; and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely, from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd: he wakes himself that does enjoy.
  PRO. How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be styled virtuous, and the end not so?
Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
But—to sleep better; for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himself asleep.
  CON. Fruition adds no new wealth but destroys,
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloys.
Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit: this once past,
What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.

PRO. Blessings may be repeated while they cloy;
But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night,
Consume the day, too, in this less delight?

CON. Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
The homeliest thing that mankind does is so.
The world is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled; children there must be:—
So must bread too; but since there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO. I need not plough, since what the stooping
Gets of my pregnant land must all be mine: [hine
But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so;
For when Anchises did fair Venus know,
What interest had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Æneas, or the present joy? [been,

CON. Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've
Are like romances read, or scenes once seen:
Fruition dulls or spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before.

PRO. Plays and romances read and seen, do fall
In our opinions; yet not seen at all,
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

CON. 'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heav'n were not heav'n if we knew what it were.

PRO. If 'twere not heav'n if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heav'n to those that now are there.

CON. And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

PRO. Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'er has it that enjoys it not.
In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
And Nature blame for limiting our sight;
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.
CON. They who know all the wealth they have are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.
PRO. Not he that knows the wealth he has is poor,
But he that dares not touch nor use his store.

AN APOLOGY

FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;
Neither do not care to know
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
To the first that's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart:
It is not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in the' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight,
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light:

Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing tow'rd the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might, nor wish'd to know
A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employ'd his utmost sight.

THE NIGHT-PIECE:

OR, A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

Darkness, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.
  Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found;
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
  As the bright stars and milky way,
Show'd by the night, are hid by day;
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.
Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get:
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.
Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.
All near approaches threaten death;
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:
Love, favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven or the rock of love.
So we the' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

PART OF THE

FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS

TRANSLATED.

Beginning at v. 437.

* * * * Talesque miserrima fletus
Fertque refertque soror. * * * *

And ending with

Adnixi torquent spumas, et cærula verrunt. *V.* 583.

All this her weeping sister [1] does repeat
To the stern man [2], whom nothing could entreat;
Lost were her prayers, and fruitless were her tears!
Fate and great Jove had stopp'd his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk, and with a boisterous sound
Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground,
He fixed stands; as deep his roots doth lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No less on every side the hero prest,
Feels love and pity shake his noble breast,
And down his cheeks though fruitless tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpose of his soul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel Heav'n to hate.
Her resolution to dispatch and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!

[1] Anna. [2] Æneas.

The water, consecrate for sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.
Besides there stood, as sacred to her lord[3],
A marble temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands crown'd;
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound;
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb,
And dismal owls presage the ills to come.
Besides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold;
Scorn'd and deserted to herself she seems,
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.
So to mad Pentheus double Thebes appears,
And furies howl in his distemper'd ears.
Orestes so, with like distraction tost,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.
Now grief and fury to their height arrive;
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved sister, with a cheerful grace,
(Hope well dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives: 'Dear Sister! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of Ethiopia lies
The place where Atlas does support the skies;
Hence came an old magician that did keep
The' Hesperian fruit, and made the dragon sleep:
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
And, where she lists, make calmest minds to grieve:
The course of rivers and of heav'n can stop,
And call trees down from the' airy mountain's top.

[3] Sichæus.

Witness, ye gods! and thou my dearest part!
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruin did embrace;
With all the relics of our impious guest,
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be drest;
(The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we
May rase the man out of our memory.'

Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred rites pretend.
Nor worst effects of grief her sister thought
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her; and now, heaped high
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie;
Hung all with wreaths and flowery garlands round,
So by herself was her own funeral crown'd!
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The magic prophetess begins her pray'r:
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the gods,
Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the room
With drops, suppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moonlight mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands:
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every god,
And every pow'r, if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!

Now was the time when weary mortals steep
Their careful temples in the dew of sleep:

On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep silence fell;
But not on Dido! whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd:
A double passion in her breast does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus she afflicts her soul: 'What shall I do?
With fate inverted shall I humbly woo?
And some proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?
Or shall I with the' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by sad experience, known
The perjur'd race of false Laomedon?
With my Sidonians shall I give them chase,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No;—die! and let this sword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.
'Ah, Sister! vanquish'd with my passion, thou
Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to Sichæus still,
And single liv'd, I had not known this ill!'
Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged [breast
While the Dardanian does securely rest
In his tall ship for sudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the son of Jove appear'd;
Thus seems to speak the youthful deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.
'Fair Venus' seed! canst thou indulge thy sleep,
Nor better guard in such great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine:

She meditates revenge, resolv'd to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.'
  This said, the god in shades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men;
'Behold! the gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvass spread:
What god soe'er that thus vouchsafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey;
Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious!'—with that word
He cuts the cable with his shining sword:
Through all the navy doth like ardour reign,
They quit the shore, and rush into the main;
Plac'd on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

ON THE PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH,

TAKEN AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

As gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew,
Torn from the root that nourish'd them, a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile,
And in the hand which rudely pluck'd them show
Fairer than those that to their autumn grow;
So love and beauty still that visage grace;
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Those lovely features which cold Death has spar'd.
  No wonder then he sped in love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell;

When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,
No business had but to persuade that dame,
Whose mutual love advanc'd the youth so high,
That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

ON A BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS,

WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

Twice twenty slender virgin fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine.
As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought,
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird when, his fair train dispread,
He woos the female to his painted bed ;
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

OF A WAR WITH SPAIN,

AND FIGHT AT SEA.

Now for some ages had the pride of Spain
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain,
While she bid War, to all that durst, supply
The place of those her cruelty made die.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taste,
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world her silver and her gold
Came, like a tempest to confound the old :

Feeding with these the brib'd electors' hopes,
Alone she gives us emperors and popes:
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.
When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.
Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the' inconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.
Meanwhile the Spaniards in America,
Near to the line the sun approaching saw,
And hop'd their European coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships by the autumnal wind;
Their huge capacious galleons stuff'd with plate,
The labouring winds drive slowly tow'rd their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard some ships of ours, (though out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew;
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin that tragic play,
And with their smoky cannons banish day:
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under different stars one fate they have,
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave!
Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the worst:
More danger now from man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had sail'd from near the' Antarctic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or sea!
What they would spare our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise.
Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray;
Here Heav'n in vain that kind retreat should sound;
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize; while others, burnt and 'rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man! whose rage buries as low that store
As avarice had digg'd for it before:
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies:
The Marquis[1] (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element;
Then laid him by his burning lady's side,
And, since he could not save her, with her died.
Spices and gums about them melting fry,
And, phœnix-like, in that rich nest they die:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd,
And now together are to ashes turn'd;
Ashes! more worth than all their funeral cost,
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.
These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns:
Beauty and youth about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds,
That (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to save their enemies.
How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought they dive.
With these returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath such wreaths enough:
His conquering head has no more room for bay;
Then let it be as the glad nation prays;

[1] Of Badajoz.

Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermine clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

UPON THE

DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

We must resign! Heav'n his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air.—So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,
And from obeying fell to worshipping.
On Œta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns; and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil,
Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle;
Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage;

And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.
  Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
The' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY.

Of the first paradise there's nothing found;
Plants set by Heav'n are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this paradise relate?
  Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas, to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river than to build a town.
  For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand:
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!

May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade,
The gallants dancing by the river side;
They bathe in summer and in winter slide.
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
And the loud echo which returns the notes,
While overhead a flock of new sprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the sun control,
Dark'ning the sky: they hover o'er, and shrowd
The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides:
The ladies angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize.
A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,
And sea-nymphs enter with the swelling tide;
From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her sovereign's court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may descry:
The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this Park;
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup:
There ice, like crystal firm, and never lost,
Tempers hot July with December's frost;

Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
Though the warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below. [snow,
Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ;
His manly posture and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth, in all his motions seen;
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin it were shot.
Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living gallery of aged trees;
Bold sons of Earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky.
In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.
Free from the' impediments of light and noise,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states,
Here he resolves his neighbouring princes' fates;
What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade;
The world, from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The prospect thought and contemplation gives.
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply;

The structure by a prelate [1] rais'd, Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capitol:
Both, disproportion'd to the present state
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that antique pile [2] behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep:
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Those suns of Empire! where they rise they set.
When others fell, this standing did presage
The crown should triumph over popular rage:
Hard by that House [3] where all our ills were shap'd
The' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So snow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;
The distant country in the ruin shares;
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.
Next that capacious Hall [4] he sees, the room
Where the whole nation does for justice come;
Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
Here, like the people's pastor, he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below;
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does indulgence find:
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
And made a sacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court compliances, he walks,
And with himself, his best adviser, talks,
How peaceful olives may his temples shade,
For mending laws, and for restoring trade:

[1] Cardinal Wolsey. [2] Westminster Abbey.
[3] House of Commons. [4] Westminster Hall.

Or how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,
Of rising kingdoms and of falling states:
What ruling arts gave great Augustus fame,
And how Alcides purchas'd such a name.
His eyes, upon his native palace[5] bent,
Close by, suggest a greater argument.
His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that star expect
Which at his birth appear'd, to let us see
Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
A prince on whom such different lights did smile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever Heav'n, or high extracted blood
Could promise, or foretel, he will make good;
Reform these nations, and improve them more
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

OF THE

INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE TURKS,

IN THE YEAR 1683.

The modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight,
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.
A prince with eunuchs and the softer sex
Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,

[5] St. James's.

Provoke the German, and, neglecting Heav'n,
Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.
His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
The chief imperial city of the west[1],
With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The standard lost, and janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the memory of his father's doom;
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful kings.
The trembling Sultan's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct by another's fate:
The Grand Visier, a tyrant, though a slave,
A fair example to his master gave;
He Bassas' heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.
The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,
When breaking truce, he so unjustly fought;
Made the world tremble with a numerous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the great, neglecting to be just.
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of dust.
The Turks so low, why should the Christians lose
Such an advantage of their barbarous foes?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by such a lion led:

[1] Vienna.

He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.
  But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possest,
The Christians perish, by themselves opprest:
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!
  What angel shall descend to reconcile
The Christian states, and end their guilty toil?
A prince more fit from Heav'n we cannot ask
Than Britain's king, for such a glorious task;
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear and favour of mankind:
His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain
What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in vain.
  In battles won Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this successful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word
Without unsheathing the destructive sword;
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade:
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest kings comply?
  The arts of peace are not to him unknown;
This happy way he march'd into the throne;
And we owe more to Heav'n than to the sword,
The wish'd return of so benign a lord.
  Charles! by old Greece with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique heroes shall be plac'd.
What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace;

Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monsters slain:
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told,
This glorious act the living do behold.

OF HER MAJESTY,

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been!
How are we chang'd since we first saw the Queen!
She, like the sun, does still the same appear
Bright as she was at her arrival here!
Time has commission mortals to impair,
But things celestial is oblig'd to spare.
May every new year find her still the same
In health and beauty, as she hither came!
When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
The' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
First of our queens whom not the King alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.
With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
The glorious Prince [1] that does the Turk confound.
Victorious both! his conduct wins the day,
And her example chases vice away:
Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

[1] John Sobieski, king of Poland.

OF TEA,

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
The best of queens, and best of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the fair region where the sun does rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's friend, tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birth-day to salute the Queen.

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, MOTHER TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE:

AND OF HER PORTRAIT WRITTEN BY THE LATE DUCHESS OF YORK WHILE SHE LIVED WITH HER.

HEROIC Nymph! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory of the British court!
Into whose arms the church, the state, and all
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the Indies were:
Though straiter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine:

Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native isle does with your praises ring:
But above all, a nymph [1] of your own train
Gives us your character in such a strain,
As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.
So while we mortals here at Heav'n do guess,
And more our weakness than the place express,
Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

UPON HER MAJESTY'S[2] *NEW BUILDINGS*

AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

GREAT Queen! that does our island bless
With princes and with palaces;
Treated so ill, chas'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town;
And with a brave revenge do show
Their glory went and came with you.
While Peace from hence and you were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.
  Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove,
Though by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
There the next spring again they build.

[1] Lady Anne Hyde.
[2] Henrietta Maria, queen dowager of King Charles I.

Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war,
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.
But what new mine this work supplies?
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This, like the first creation, shows,
As if at your command it rose.
Frugality and bounty too,
(Those differing virtues) meet in you:
From a confin'd, well-manag'd store,
You both employ and feed the poor.
Let foreign princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride and cost;
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing but the pay:
This, by the Queen herself design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The state and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with just proportion grac'd,
And all to such advantage plac'd,
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entering, beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high.
She needs no weary steps ascend;
All seems before her feet to bend;
And here, as she was born, she lies,
High, without taking pains to rise.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show
Like track of leverets in morning snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil!
For though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake;
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.

OF THE LADY MARY,

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

As once the lion honey gave,
  Out of the strong such sweetness came;
A royal hero, no less brave,
  Produc'd this sweet, this lovely dame.

To her the prince, that did oppose
  Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
  Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
  Which triumphs where the sun does rise,
Nor all the force he leads by land,
  Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange with youth experience has;
  In action young, in council old:
Orange is what Augustus was,
  Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,
  Blossoms and fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the same,
  His flowery youth with wisdom crown'd!

Empire and freedom reconcil'd
  In Holland are by great Nassau:
Like those he sprung from just and mild,
  To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy pair! so near allied
  In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now Love has you together tied,
  May none this triple knot undo!

The church shall be the happy place
  Where streams which from the same source run,
Though divers lands awhile they grace,
  Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes
  To him that does protect us all,
For while he thus his niece bestows,
  About our isle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which Athens had,
  By the' oracle's advice, of wood:
Had their's been such as Charles has made,
  That mighty state till now had stood.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both bound together live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line shall long
Last in a daily-changing tongue?
While they are new envy prevails,
And as that dies our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope,
And all an English pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

UPON THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, DE ARTE POETICA; AND OF THE USE OF POETRY.

Rome was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The poet writ to noble Piso there;
A noble Piso does instruct us here;
Gives us a pattern in his flowing style,
And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:
Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd,
Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.
  Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
  Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.

Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompense.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream! should never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature sow.
  Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.
  The Muses' friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err;
But where a brave, a public, action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight;
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
  Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd)
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot,
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such as of old, wise bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake:
Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes:
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.

So wandering bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the spoil,
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil;
They give us food which may with nectar vie,
And wax that does the absent sun supply.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM

DE BENTIVOGLIO SUO.

Floribus Angligenis non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cùm satìs indigenis te probet ipse Liber:
Per me Roma sciet tibi se debere, quòd Anglo
Romanus didicit cultiùs ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæsare vidit,
Candida Romulidum te duce scripta videt.
Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, esto!
Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic instructus, et arte Batava,
A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera; discordes Flandria quassa monet.
Hìc discat miles pugnare, orare senator;
Qui regnant, leni sceptra tenere manu.
Macte, Comes! virtute novâ; vestri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
Dum stertunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,
Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

ON THE

DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S EXPEDITION INTO SCOTLAND

IN THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger, (the winged god[1])
With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command,
And in a moment reach'd that northern land,
Where day contending with approaching night,
Assists the hero with continued light.
On foes surpris'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd; but noble pity held
His hand awhile, and to their choice gave space
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke,
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he broke.
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scots with such a terror strook,
That to his courage they resign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
He grieves so many Britons should be lost;
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the flyers than to win the field;
And at the Court his interest does employ,
That none, who scap'd his fatal sword, should die.
And now these rash bold men their error find,
Not trusting one beyond his promise kind;
One! whose great mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to save.

[1] Mercury.

In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell,
And give a secret joy to him that reigns [2],
To see his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins;
To see a leader whom he got and chose,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.
But seeing envy, like the sun, does beat,
With scorching rays, on all that's high and great,
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough
The Muses send to shade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze,
But time and thunder pay respect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our present view,
Kept by the Muse as radiant and as new
As from the forge of Vulcan first they came;
Thousands of years are past, and they the same;
Such care she takes to pay desert with fame!
Than which no monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompense.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

When through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller the sun,
Hither at length the Roman Eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.
As heir to Julius, she may pretend
A second time to make this island bend;
But Portsmouth, springing from the ancient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chase,
As they great Cæsar did oppose, makes head,
And does against this new invader lead.

[2] King Charles II.

That goodly nymph, the taller of the two,
Careless and fearless to the field does go.
Becoming blushes on the other wait,
And her young look excuses want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for she knows the day
Must not be won the Amazonian way.
Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For Little Britain these, and those for Rome.
Dress'd to advantage, this illustrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the list appear.
What may the Fates design! for never yet
From distant regions two such beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Victory to declare herself seems loth:
Over the camp, with doubtful wings, she flies,
Till Chloris shining in the field she spies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thousand Graces waited on the dame:
Her matchless form made all the English glad,
And foreign beauties less assurance had:
Yet, like the Three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the ball:
Which to determine Love himself declin'd,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks! so thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.
Poets, approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their wounds instructed how to write:
They with less hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alsatia;
And with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the splendor of our Golden Age:
Where Love gives Law, Beauty the sceptre sways,
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

OF AN

ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON[1]

ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the Muses, on the hearse
Not strowing tears, but lasting verse,
Which so preserve the hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
  Chloris, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just and high renown,
That she the' afflicted world relieves,
And shows that still in her he lives:
Her wit as graceful, great, and good;
Ally'd in genius as in blood.
  His loss supplied, now all our fears
Are, that the nymph should melt in tears.
Then, fairest Chloris! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our sake,
Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

UPON OUR LATE

LOSS OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE failing blossoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the succeeding years;
And hope is all which Art or Nature brings,
At the first trial, to accomplish things.

[1] Afterwards Marchioness of Wharton.

Mankind was first created an essay;
That ruder draught the deluge wash'd away.
How many ages pass'd, what blood and toil,
Before we made one kingdom of this isle!
How long in vain had Nature striv'd to frame
A perfect princess ere her Highness came?
For joys so great we must with patience wait;
'Tis the set price of happiness complete.
As a first fruit Heav'n claim'd that lovely boy;
The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

FOR THE DRAWING OF THE POSTURE AND PROGRESS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES AT SEA, UNDER THE COMMAND OF HIS HIGHNESS-ROYAL; TOGETHER WITH THE BATTLE AND VICTORY OBTAINED OVER THE DUTCH, JUNE 3, 1665.

First draw the sea, that portion which between
The greater world and this of ours is seen:
Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,
Vast floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main.
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unusual star
Declare the' importance of the' approaching war.
Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
The English youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke! whose early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct show'd:

His bright sword now a dearer interest draws,
His brother's glory, and his country's cause.
Let thy bold pencil hope and courage spread
Through the whole navy, by that hero led:
Make all appear where such a Prince is by,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
With his extraction and his glorious mind,
Make the proud sails swell more than with the wind:
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a lion in their way.
Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
Ask his consent to use the sea and wind.
While his tall ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.
Paint an East-wind, and make it blow away
The' excuse of Holland for their navy's stay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to shun,
Through the cold north and rocky regions run.
To find the coast where morning first appears,
By the dark pole the wary Belgian steers;
Confessing now, he dreads the English more
Than all the dangers of a frozen shore;
While from our arms, security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey:
Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The Dutch their wine, and all their brandy lose,
Disarm'd of that from which their courage grows;
While the glad English, to relieve their toil,
In healths to their great leader drink the spoil.

His high command to Afric's coast extend,
And make the Moors before the English bend:
Those barbarous pirates willingly receive
Conditions such as we are pleas'd to give.
Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know
We can our own and their great business do;
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
Which worse than tempests did infest the main.
Within those Straits make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a small squadron of the English meet;
Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
There paint Confusion in a various shape;
Some sink, some yield; and, flying, some escape.
Europe and Africa, from either shore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar;
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight so deserve to rule the sea.
But nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
And place our navy by the Holland shore:
The world they compass'd while they fought with [Spain,
But here already they resign the main:
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
Diffusive Nature could no region lay,
At home, preserv'd from rocks and tempests, lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
Their single towns the' Iberian armies prest;
We all their provinces at once invest;
And in a month ruin their traffic more
Than that long war could in an age before.
But who can always on the billows lie?
The wat'ry wilderness yields no supply.
Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
And meet the beauties of the British court.

The' illustrious Duchess, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.
The gazing sea-gods, since the Paphian Queen[1]
Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
Those deathless pow'rs for us themselves declare,
Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's court to bring,
And help the nation where such beauties spring:
The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes.

Meanwhile, like bees, when stormy winter's gone,
The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)
Desert their ports, and, falling in their way,
Our Hamburg merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before the' approaching fight,
As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half-victual'd goes,
Enough to serve us till we reach our foes;
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.
A greater force than that which here we find
Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome night,
The' impatient English scarce attend the light.
But now the morning, (Heav'n serenely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear;
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
That he might see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from different quarters rush,
Vast clouds encountering one another crush;
With swelling sails so, from their several coasts,
Join the Batavian and the British hosts.

[1] Venus.

For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage;
They for the empire of the world they knew,
These for the Old contend, and for the New.
At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
Nor Heav'n nor sea their former face retain'd:
Fury and art produce effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her visage change.
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines but that by which men die,
There York appears! so prodigal is he
Of royal blood as ancient as the sea!
Which down to him, so many ages told,
Has through the veins of mighty monarchs roll'd!
The great Achilles march'd not to the field
Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield
And arms had wrought; yet there no bullets flew,
But shafts and darts which the weak Phrygians [threw.
Our bolder hero on the deck does stand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land;
Defensive arms laid by as useless here,
Where massy balls the neighbouring rocks do tear.
Some power unseen those princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.
  Against him first Opdam his squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the Swedes,
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to perish by a prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow sides;
Yet, not inclin'd the English ship to board,
More on his guns relies than on his sword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd;
It miss'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd:

Three worthy persons[2] from his side it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valued than a thousand lives!
On such a theatre as this to die,
For such a cause, and such a witness by!
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
To have his blood on such an altar laid?
The rest about him strook with horror stood,
To see their leader cover'd o'er with blood.
So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains
Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.
He feels no wound but in his troubled thought;
Before for honour, now revenge he fought:
His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
Not brought by Fame) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth,
The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him abandon'd,—and their lives!
He storms and shoots; but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too slow:
They miss, or sweep but common souls away;
For such a loss Opdam his life must pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ship to board,
And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
When through the clouds to truss a swan she goes:
The Belgian ship unmov'd, like some huge rock
Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock:

[2] Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle.

From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the business of the day:
Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;
The silent Ocean does the' event attend,
Which leader shall the doubtful victory bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success,
When Heav'n itself, for England to declare,
Turns ship, and men, and tackle, into air.
Their new commander, from his charge is tost,
Which that young prince[3] had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, sway'd their infant state.
His flight tow'rds Heav'n the' aspiring Belgian took,
But fell, like Phaeton, with thunder strook:
From vaster hopes than his he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the British Admiral:
From her broad sides a ruder flame is thrown
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun;
That bears the radiant ensign of the day,
And she the flag that governs in the sea.
The Duke, (ill pleas'd that fire should thus prevent
The work which for his brighter sword he meant)
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
So on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tiger in the Libyan plain.
The Dutch, accustom'd to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of Heav'n to see,
Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men;

[3] Prince of Orange.

Such as with foul ingratitude have paid
Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.
Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
Terror and death on his loud cannon waits,
With which he pleads his brother's cause so well,
He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,
Widows and orphans making as they go:
Before his ship fragments of vessels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcasses, are borne,
And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvass to invite the wind.
So the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the shore, and with a boisterous rage
Does Heav'n at once, and earth, and sea engage.
The Dutch, elsewhere, did through the wat'ry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But English courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noise, and slaughter, takes delight:
Their bloody task, unwearied still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by death or victory.
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like show'rs of hail, from either side are borne:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, every age
Improves the arts and instruments of rage.
Death-hastening ills Nature enough has sent,
And yet men still a thousand more invent!
But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on,
So fierce at first, to favour us begun:
Brandy and wine, (their wonted friends) at length
Render them useless, and betray their strength.

So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
Revive and raise themselves with moderate show'rs;
But overcharg'd with never-ceasing rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ships on one another fall,
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
Of this disorder, and the favouring wind,
The watchful English such advantage find,
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the so-entangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms, and then
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
The scorch'd Batavians on the billows float,
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat.
And now our Royal Admiral success
(With all the marks of victory) does bless:
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.
Nearer to Holland as their hasty flight
Carries the noise and tumult of the fight,
His cannons roar, forerunner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam:
The British thunder does their houses rock,
And the Duke seems at every door to knock.
His dreadful streamer (like a comet's hair,
Threatening destruction) hastens their despair;
Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost,
And fear our present landing on their coast.
The trembling Dutch the' approaching Prince be-
As sheep a lion leaping tow'rds their fold: [hold
Those piles which serve them to repel the main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.
' What wonders may not English valour work,
Led by the' example of victorious York?

Or what defence against him can they make,
Who at such distance does their country shake?
His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow,
And let in both the ocean and the foe.'
Thus cry the people;—and, their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the deep;
Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
Those arms which freed them from the Spanish yoke.
Painter! excuse me, if I have a while
Forgot thy art, and us'd another style;
For though you draw arm'd heroes as they sit,
The task in battle does the Muses fit:
They in the dark confusion of a fight
Discover all, instruct us how to write;
And light and honour to brave actions yield,
Hid in the smoke and tumult of the field.
Ages to come shall know that leader's toil,
And his great name on whom the Muses smile:
Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace,
And this relation with thy colours grace.
Then draw the Parliament, the nobles met,
And our Great Monarch[4] high above them set:
Like young Augustus let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at sea,
Where Egypt's Queen[5], and Eastern Kings o'er-
Made the possession of the world his own. [thrown,
Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet:
They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain
Their King's eternal title to the main:
And with a present to the Duke, approve
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

[4] King Charles II. [5] Cleopa

MR. WALLER,

WHEN HE WAS AT SEA.

WHILST I was free I wrote with high conceit,
And love and beauty rais'd above their height;
Love, that bereaves us both of brain and heart,
Sorrow and silence doth at once impart.
What hand at once can wield a sword and write?
Or battle paint, engaged in the fight?
Who will describe a storm must not be there:
Passion writes well, neither in love nor fear.
Why on the naked boy have poets then
Feathers and wings bestow'd, that wants a pen?

A PRESAGE OF

THE RUIN OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE:

PRESENTED TO

HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES II. ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

SINCE James the Second grac'd the British throne,
Truce, well observ'd, has been infring'd by none:
Christians to him their present union owe,
And late success against the common foe;
While neighbouring princes, loth to urge their fate,
Court his assistance, and suspend their hate:
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.
  This happy day peace to our island sent,
As now he gives it to the Continent.

A prince more fit for such a glorious task
Than England's King, from Heav'n we cannot ask:
He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.
Such kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aspect propitious to mankind;
Favour the innocent, repress the bold,
And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.
Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At sea successful, vigorous, and strong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem and reverence through the world do find.
A prince with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juster side,
The most ambitious will forget their pride:
They that complain will their endeavours cease,
Advis'd by him, inclin'd to present peace,
Join to the Turk's destruction, and then bring
All their pretences to so just a king.
If the successful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find,
Shall the vex'd world less honour yield to those
That stop their progress, and their rage oppose?
Next to that pow'r which does the ocean awe,
Is to set bounds, and give ambition law.
The British Monarch shall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer slave;
That source of art and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.
The banish'd Muses shall no longer mourn,
But may with liberty to Greece return:
Though slaves, (like birds that sing not in a cage)
They lost their genius and poetic rage:

Homer's again, and Pindars, may be found,
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.
  The Turk's vast empire does united stand:
Christians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be soon undone,
Did not this hero make their int'rest one;
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.
  Thus may the Gospel to the rising sun
Be spread, and flourish where it first begun;
And this great day, (so justly honour'd here!)
Known to the East, and celebrated there.

"Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
Ausus et ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem." VIRG.

THESE VERSES

WERE WRIT IN THE TASSO OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Tasso knew how the fairer sex to grace,
But in no one durst all perfection place.
In her alone that owns this book is seen
Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
  Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress
Her well-taught mind, and every grace express.
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,
The hero's race excels the poet's thought.

THE

BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heav'n smiles
Upon those late-discover'd isles!

AID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.
Seas stain'd with gore I sing, adventrous toil!
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.
  Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
The' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;
Where shining pearl, and coral, many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to Heav'n aspires,
The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,

With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at some constant seasons, every year
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candied plantains and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn :
For the kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste :
There a small grain in some few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The palma-christi, and the fair papà,
Now but a seed, (preventing Nature's law)
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.

And as their trees, in our dull region set,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
So in this northern tract our hoarser throats
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,
While the supporter of the poets' style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet and best of passions, love.
There while I sing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high,
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name
I'll make the listening savages grow tame.——
But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.

THOUGH rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the numerous Turk despise,
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear, [hear
Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle they
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud,

Three days they dread this murmur ere they know
From what blind cause the' unwonted sound may [grow:
At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast:
One as a mountain vast, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool, among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murther'd on the shore;
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
So there, sometimes, the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes; when the whales
Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd;
Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shat-
ter'd.
Hearts sure of brass they had who tempted first
Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have
nurst.
The welcome news through all the nation spread,
To sudden joy and hope converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Dispose already of the' untaken spoil,
And, as the purchase of their future toil,
These share the bones, and they divide the oil.

So was the huntsman by the bear opprest,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast!
They man their boats, and all their young men arm
With whatsoever may the monsters harm;
Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far,
The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
What love and honour could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age and lovely lasses crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share:
Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British peers;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due,
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world spread his growing fame.—
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successless toil,
And how the fishes suck'd the isle.

THE boat which on the first assault did go,
Strook with a harping-iron the younger foe;
Who, when he felt his side so rudely gor'd,
Loud as the sea that nourish'd him he roar'd.
As a broad bream, to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast,

Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out;
So with the barbed javelin stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tail the suffering waves.
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat;
With every fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.
  The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly she swims, and when, provok'd, she would
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud:
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge:
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
  This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest though the winds be still.
  Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this cub away:
Their wish they have: he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,
A prisoner there but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown,

Their lances spent, one bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast:
Her oily side devours both blade and haft,
And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal streight.
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
To Heav'n, that Heav'n men's cruelties might know.
Their fixed javelins in her side she wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears;
You would have thought, had you the monster seen
Thus drest, she had another island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won,
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He, though a league removed from the foe,
Hastes to her aid: the pious Trojan [1] so,
Neglecting for Creüsa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men, amazed, blush to see the seed
Of monsters human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindness, what the Grecian sung,
That Love's bright mother from the Ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and, hopeless now, they wish
For composition with the' unconquer'd fish;
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.

[1] Æneas.

But how instructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so,
They charge their muskets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to send
For the loud engines which their isle defend;
But what those pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends
A tide so high that it relieves his friends:
And thus they parted with exchange of arms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

DIVINE POEMS.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM. IN SIX CANTOS.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetua semper dignissima vita! * *
Nam divinus amor cum cæpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * *Lucretius*, lib. iii.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis: * *
Namque ubi mota calent sacra mea pectora Musa,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.
Ovid. de Trist. lib. iv. el. 1.

THE ARGUMENTS.

I. Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.
II. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.
III. The same love more amply declared in our redemption.
IV. How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.
V. Showing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embraced
VI. Of preserving this love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

The Grecian Muse has all their gods surviv'd,
Nor Jove at us nor Phœbus is arriv'd;
Frail deities! which first the poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid:

Yet if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long since despis'd and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to the' eternal Word.
As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling earth among the planets plac'd,
So has this Book entitled us to Heav'n,
And rules to guide us to that mansion giv'n:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in Nature's ample book we find,
But the less volume does express his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught
That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought,
But unconcern'd let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke
And band of all society is broke.
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God but interest?
What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what they swear?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust!
Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes
Is the first step tow'rds being good or wise;

For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect.
Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy.
His fear to guard us from ourselves we need,
And Sacred Writ our reason does exceed;
For though Heav'n shows the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his Word;
His mercy this, (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindness and compassion tells:
While we inform'd by that celestial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd, (which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning) shall our song commend;
Describe itself, and warm us with that flame
Which first from Heav'n, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
Savours too much of private interest.
This mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul,
Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:
A greater yet from Heav'n to hell descends,
To save and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praise can fathom such a love,
Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?
The royal prophet [1], that extended grace
From Heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space.
The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd when that poet wrote:

[1] David.

Heav'n was scarce heard of until He came down,
To make the region where love triumphs known.
  That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world the' Almighty did persuade;
For love it was that first created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place:
Some to rest here, and some to shine above;
Earth, sea, and Heav'n, were all the' effects of love.
And love would be return'd: but there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was without a guest,
Till one appears that must excel the rest:
One! like the Author whose capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find;
Might measure Heav'n, and give each star a name;
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know:
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When by his word God had accomplish'd all,
Man to create he did a council call;
Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
A graceful figure and majestic look;
With his own breath convey'd into his breast
Life, and a soul fit to command the rest;
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,
But not with lasting numbers and with thought,
Man's great prerogative! but above all
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.

If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation shakes:
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curs'd the earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head.
Amidst the storm his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed:
Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

NOT willing terror should his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His Son descends to treat a peace with those
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His business here was happiness to give
To those whose malice could not let him live.
Legions of angels, which he might have us'd
(For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the cross.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by such great love constrain'd
To make return of love. Upon this pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of Heav'n below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of those that lov'd him he was hid from none.
Till love appear we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out.

This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.
  Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind:
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
Of mortal virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there,
For born in Heav'n, it does but sojourn here.
  He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we soar so high?—
He can add wings when he commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;
He that examples gives will give his aid:
For he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought;
As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes: we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we love we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heav'n does ask.
Love! that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves and others for his sake.
  'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

To glory man, or misery, is born,
Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn:
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Base in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem:
With love, of all created things the best;
Without it, more pernicious than the rest;
For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.
  His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste.
Debauches and excess (though with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys.
The beasts and monsters Hercules opprest,
Might in that age some provinces infest;
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of every age, and in all nations reign;
But soon would vanish, if the world were bless'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.
  Impendent death and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy;
But love appearing, all those terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
Death as a passage to their joy embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
The sun's victorious beams may chase away:

Those which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere,
Of Heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

This Iron Age (so fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an Age of Gold:
Not as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unsown crop;
Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
None for himself would either sow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harvest than the richest field.
Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
Some pine for want where others surfeit now;
But then we should the use of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand,
And spread Heaven's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers bless,
Increase their joy, and make their sufferings less.
Who for himself no miracle would make,
Dispens'd with several for the people's sake:
He that long fasting, would no wonder show,
Made loaves and fishes, as they ate them, grow.
Of all his pow'r, which boundless was above,
Here he us'd none but to express his love;
And such a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.

Laws would be useless which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions into dens we thrust,
But milder creatures with their freedom trust.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble! but the Spouse
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)
Would guardian angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform,
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Isaiah prophesied can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low,
Humble the lofty, the dejected raise, [ways.
Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked
Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that possest, the great in title fall:
Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
Whom Heav'n with that high character has blest.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone bestow complete repose on man;
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign strife among the nations cease.
No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor princes arm, though to subdue the East,
Where for the tomb so many heroes (taught
By those that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men;
All of one family, in blood allied,
His precious blood, that for our ransom died!

CANTO VI.

THOUGH the creation (so divinely taught!)
Prints such a lively image on our thought,
That the first spark of new-created light,
From chaos struck, affects our present sight,
Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
The day of rising than the day of rest,
That every week might new occasion give
To make his triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm
To keep his blood among us ever warm,
And singing as the blessed do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
But on so vast a subject who can find
Words that may reach the ideas of his mind?
Our language fails; or, if it could supply,
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
Despairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this sacred task too hard,
Yet the design, the' endeavour, brings reward.
The contemplation does suspend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted spirit from the sound
Of David's harp a present solace found;
So on this theme while we our Muse engage,
No wounds are felt of Fortune or of Age.
On Divine Love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless Power so infinitely kind,

The soul contending to that light to fly
From her dark cell, we practise how to die;
Employing thus the poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there;
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
When from the East the rising sun comes on.

OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

The fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace,
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease.
Though the word Fear some men may ill endure,
'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.
Ask of no angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
He that invites will not the' invited mock,
Opening to all that do in earnest knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my song the morning of our day!
Where that fear is there's nothing to be fear'd:
It brings from Heav'n an angel for a guard.
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.

It is a beam which he on man lets fall
Of light, by which he made and governs all.
'Tis God alone should not offended be;
But we please others, as more great than he.
For a good cause the sufferings of man
May well be borne: 'tis more than angels can.
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
Above the angels, or below the beasts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.
Others, though rich, shall in this world be vext,
And sadly live, in terror of the next.
The world's great conqueror[1] would his point [pursue,
And wept because he could not find a new;
Which had he done, yet still he would have cried,
To make him work until a third he spied.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heav'n itself, unless it make them grow.
Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed;
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
In wealth and honour, by such men possest,
If it increase not, there is found no rest.
All their delight is while their wish comes in;
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,
And take no joy but in pursuing more;
No! though arriv'd at all the world can aim;
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A soul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing but he that made can satisfy.
A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
Less than so many drops of water are.

[1] Alexander.

Men take no pleasure but in new designs;
And what they hope for, what they have outshines.
Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave,
With full content feeding on what they have;
Vex not themselves for an increase of store,
But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heav'n,
They do from us expect it should be giv'n.
We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain men upon the Deity;
More beasts than they! that will not understand
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,
What can he have or use but what he gives?
So that no bread can nourishment afford,
Or useful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO II.

Earth praises conquerors for shedding blood,
Heav'n those that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd
For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
Without the' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminishes mankind,
Does no addition to his stature find;
But he that does a noble nature show,
Obliging others, still does higher grow:
For virtue practis'd such a habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives:
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excel.

Fools anger show, which politicians hide;
Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong:
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, tost
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
Still keep that order which they first begun:
They their first lesson constantly repeat,
Which their Creator as a law did set.
Above, below, exactly all obey;
But wretched men have found another way:
Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,
(That vain persuasion!) keeps them still accurst!
The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand,
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour do show;
So from our Maker wandering, we stray,
Like birds that know not to their nests the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.
Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap
Exposing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read the Sacred Writ is best,
Where great truths are in fewest words exprest.
Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.

O that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace if sickness, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come, to wean us from this earth,
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

OF DIVINE POESY.

IN TWO CANTOS.

Occasioned upon sight of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah turned into verse by Mrs. Wharton [1].

CANTO I.

Poets we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret which this oracle does show.
What was to come Isaiah did declare,
Which she describes as if she had been there;
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives which on the oak takes hold,
So with the prophet's may her lines grow old!
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire:

[1] Anne Lee, afterward Marchioness of Wharton.

Not love which brutes as well as men may know;
But love like his to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high
For any object but the Deity.
What mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the superlatives of wise and fair?
A meaner subject when with these we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the altar laid.
Verse shows a rich inestimable vein,
When dropt from Heaven 'tis thither sent again.
  Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:
For as that angel up to Heav'n did rise,
Borne on the flame of Manoah's sacrifice;
So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky,
Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly;
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
For that He reigns all creatures should rejoice,
And we with songs supply their want of voice.
The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs of praise their present union show:
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in song.
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.

Thus we reach Heav'n, while vainer poems must
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust:
From that they spring; this from his breath that gave,
To the first dust, the' immortal soul we have.
His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

He that did first this way of writing grace[1],
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told.
The writer feels no dire effect of age,
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell.
As if consulted with, he has exprest
The work of the Creator, and his rest;
How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air;
Surpris'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old:
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.

[1] Moses.

Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heav'n; but we of shorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent fate.
To worms that crawl upon this rubbish here,
This span of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler seat:
Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how fast his life declines:
In whom he dwelt before the world was made,
And may again retire when that shall fade.
The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long
As his and Deborah's triumphant song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire
But that which governs the celestial choir.
Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal,
And from their store succeeding poets steal.
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And swell'd so high, by her old Kishon taught,
His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay;
Her's, more successful, swept her foes away.
The host of Heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms, instructed by her fighting stars.
She led them all against the common foe;
But he (misled by what he saw below!)
The pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into different sides.
The noblest parts which in his heroes shine,
May be but copies of that heroine.
Homer himself, and Agamemnon, she
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth she relates in a sublimer strain
Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign;

For what she sung that spirit did endite,
Which gave her courage and success in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchless dame;
From Heav'n her poem and her conquest came.
  Though of the Jews she merit most esteem,
Yet here the Christian has the greater theme:
Her martial song describes how Sisera fell;
This sings our triumph over death and hell.
The rising light employ'd the sacred breath
Of the blest Virgin and Elizabeth.
In songs of joy the angels sung his birth:
Here how he treated was upon the earth
Trembling we read! the' affliction and the scorn,
Which for our guilt so patiently was borne!
Conception, birth, and suffering, all belong,
(Though various parts) to one celestial song;
And she, well using so divine an art,
Has in this concert sung the tragic part.
  As Hannah's seed was vow'd to sacred use,
So here this lady consecrates her Muse.
With like reward may Heav'n her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair as by her Muse is born!

ON THE

PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you Winds! listen, ethereal Lights!
While our Urania sings what Heav'n indites:
The numbers are the nymph's; but from above
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed to approach his throne;
And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests which his own hand did pen?
In the Evangelists we find the prose
Which, paraphras'd by her, a poem grows;
A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,
It may become the highest seraphim!
For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
Sing only what the spirit does inspire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all but pardon for offences pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS

UPON THE

SEVERAL PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

I. His sacred name with reverence profound
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound!
It was Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now;
So low to us does Heav'n vouchsafe to bow[1]!
He brought it down that taught us how to pray,
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our affections reign.
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not obedience to his sceptre bring,
Whose yoke is easy, and his burden light,
His service freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in Heav'n, it must be made our own.
His will should all our inclinations sway,
Whom Nature and the universe obey.
Happy the man! whose wishes are confin'd
To what has been eternally design'd;
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear than to ourselves we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup:
Like new-born babes depending on the breast,
From day to day we on his bounty feast:
Nor should the soul expect above a day
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:

[1] Psalm xviii. 9.

The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live:
Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.
This pray'r to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.
The noblest worship of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol and imitate his love;
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe;*
And those we may in several stations know:
The rich and poor in slippery places stand,
Give us enough! but with a sparing hand!
Not ill-persuading want, nor wanton wealth,
But what proportion'd is to life and health:
For not the dead but living sing thy praise,
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

Favete linguis! * * *
Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

ON THE

FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite:
The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,
The body stooping, does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.
  The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
  The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

* * * Miratur limen Olympi. VIRG.

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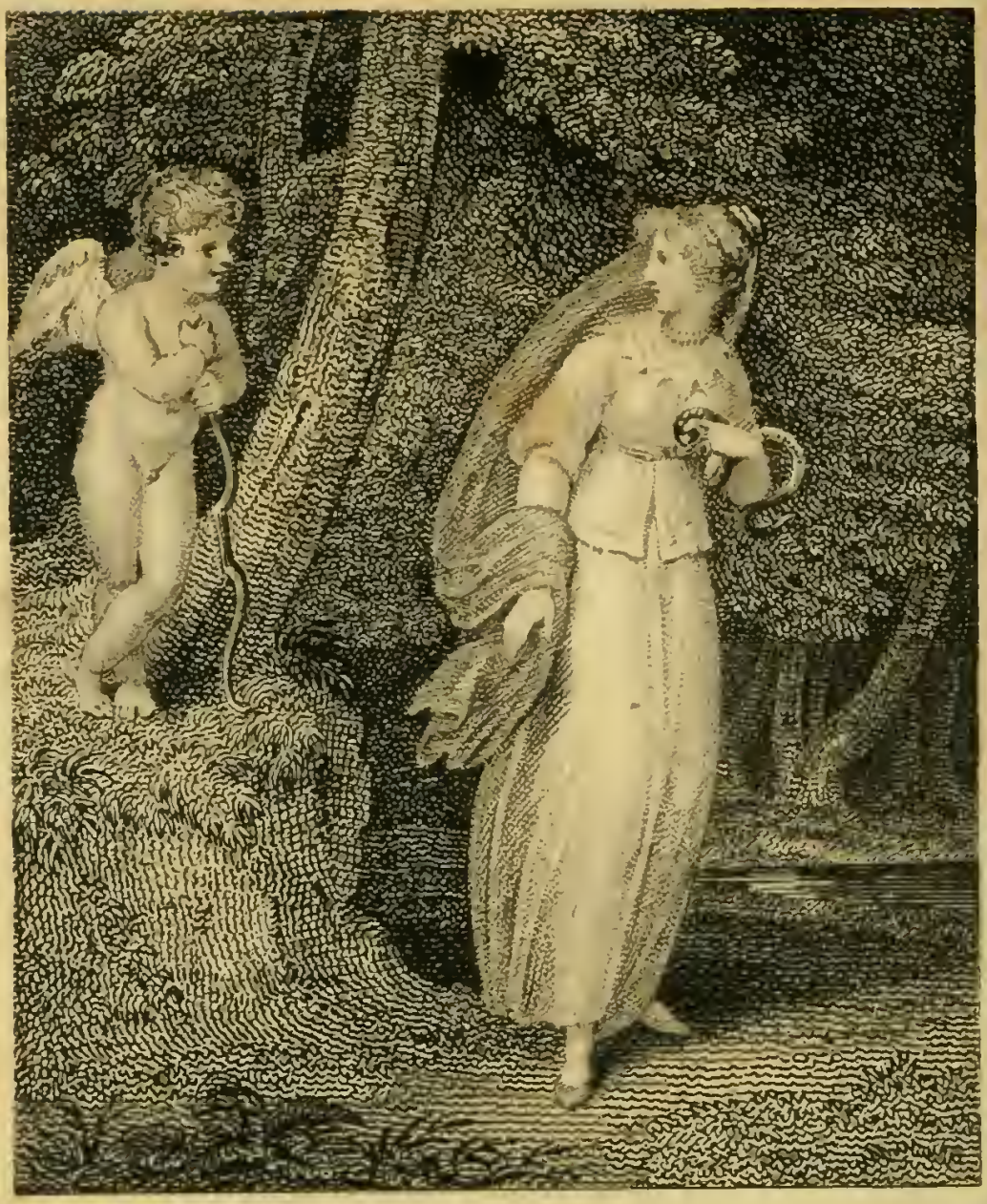

WALLER.

'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

Vol. II. The Lady & Snake.

Drawn by Rich.d Westall R.A.

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OF

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EPISTLES.

TO THE KING.

ON HIS NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy spreads her canvass wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings:
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.
Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed:
Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws,
And by that justice hast remov'd the cause
Of those rude tempests, which for rapine sent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both those fates, of storms and piracy;
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegasean horse.
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another nation as to touch our soil.
Should Nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were safe, and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:

Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of All,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball;
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.
  The world's Restorer once could not endure
That finish'd Babel should those men secure
Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood
Above the reach of any second flood;
To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, he
Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety.

TO THE QUEEN,

OCCASIONED UPON SIGHT OF HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

Well fare the hand which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty which the dazzling light
Of royal splendour hides from weaker eyes,
And all access, save by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,
And by our Muse saluted mighty Queen,
In whom the' extremes of pow'r and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!
  As the bright sun (to which we owe no sight
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,
To' extend his light and moderate his heat;

So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,
As your high Majesty with awful fear
In human breasts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher
Than when the scorched world like hazard run
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.
No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanness larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration than his private loves;
With admiration! for a pitch so high
(Save sacred Charles his) never love durst fly.
Heav'n that preferr'd a sceptre to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a guard.
No pow'r achiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals Love's empire both in Heav'n and earth.
Such eyes as yours on Jove himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to the' Hesperian dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To some intended spoil a fairer prey.
The royal youth pursuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic court:
There public care with private passion, fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confess his greatness and his love,
And the free faith of your great brother[1] prove;

[1] Lewis XIII. King of France.

With his Achates [2] breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their graces shroud;
And mixing with those gallants at the ball,
Dance with the ladies, and outshine them all;
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?—
So when the fair Leucothoe he espied,
To check his steeds impatient Phœbus earn'd,
Though all the world was in his course concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so!
Not so divine a flame, since deathless gods
Forbore to visit the defil'd abodes
Of men in any mortal breast did burn;
Nor shall, till piety and they return.

TO THE

QUEEN-MOTHER OF FRANCE,

UPON HER LANDING.

GREAT Queen of Europe! where thy offspring wears
All the chief crowns; where princes are thy heirs;
As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore,
As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)
To Delos was: here shines a nymph as bright,
By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light.
Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?
Or why did you so much regard the wind?
Scarce could the ocean (though enrag'd) have tost
Thy sovereign bark, but where the' obsequious coast

[2] Duke of Buckingham.

Pays tribute to thy bed. Rome's conquering hand
More vanquish'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd. Glad Berecynthia so
Among her deathless progeny did go;
A wreath of towers adorn'd her reverend head,
Mother of all that on ambrosia fed.
Thy god-like race must sway the age to come,
As she Olympus peopled with her womb.
Would those commanders of mankind obey
Their honour'd parent, all pretences lay
Down at your royal feet, compose their jars,
And on the growing Turk discharge these wars,
The Christian knights that sacred tomb should wrest
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East:
Our England's Prince, and Gallia's Dauphin, might
Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight:
In single combat by their swords again
The proud Argantes and fierce Soldan slain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your Tuscan Muse [1] exalt the fight.

THE COUNTRY,

TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

Madam, of all the sacred Muse inspir'd,
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd,
And Nature's self, in those that could not lie:
Your beauty next our solitude invades,
And warms us, shining through the thickest shade.

[1] Tasso.

Nor ought the tribute which the wondering court
  Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn
The answer and consent to that report
  Which, echo-like, the country does return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs
Present the' impartial images of things.

A rural judge [1] dispos'd of beauty's prize;
  A simple shepherd [1] was preferr'd to Jove:
Down to the mountains from the partial skies,
  Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that which was so justly giv'n
To the bright Carlisle of the court of heav'n.

Carlisle! a name which all our woods are taught
  Loud as their Amaryllis to resound:
Carlisle! a name which on their bark is wrought
  Of every tree that's worthy of the wound.
From Phœbus' rage our shadows and our streams
May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams.

TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis! 'twas love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your Thyrsis threw,
Who for proud Cælia could have died,
While you no less accus'd his pride.
  Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing springs from what he sows:
From foes discharg'd as often meet
The shining points of arrows fleet,

[1] Paris.

In the wide air creating fire,
As souls that join in one desire.
  Love made the lovely Venus burn
In vain, and for the cold youth [1] mourn,
Who the pursuit of churlish beasts
Preferr'd to sleeping on her breasts.
  Love makes so many hearts the prize
Of the bright Carlisle's conquering eyes,
Which she regards no more than they
The tears of lesser beauties weigh.
So have I seen the lost clouds pour
Into the sea an useless show'r,
And the vex'd sailors curse the rain,
For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.
  Then, Phyllis, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care
But sport of Heav'n, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian fight
Of Love, still flying or in chase,
Never encountering face to face,
No more to Love we'll sacrifice,
But to the best of deities;
And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

[1] Adonis.

TO MY

LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

To this great loss a sea of tears is due,
But the whole debt not to be paid by you:
Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain
Those show'rs the eyes of us your servants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart
In which nor fear nor anger has a part?
Virtue would blush if time should boast (which dries,
Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief, where reason triumphs so
Over all passions, that they ne'er could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
To harm another, or impeach your rest.
This we observ'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great self stray;
Whose mild example seemed to engage
The' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke
Before Rome's people: 'We did oft implore,
That if the Heavens had any bad in store
For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill
On his own house, and let you flourish still.'
You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent
Whole springs, and summers to the public lent;
Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife;

For which your country's more obliged than
For many lives of old less happy men.
You that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart
Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction as delight.
Then with Æmilian courage bear this cross,
Since public persons only public loss
Ought to affect. And though her form and youth,
Her application to your will and truth,
That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
(All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate!)
Might give excuse to any common breast,
With the huge weight of so just grief opprest;
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd
To the last act. It is enough her stone
May honour'd be with superscription
Of the sole lady who had pow'r to move
The great Northumberland to grieve and love.

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL,

OF HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

With joy like ours the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus, returning from the' Elysian shades;
Embrace the hero, and his stay implore;
Make it their public suit he would no more
Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethean lake.
The ladies, too, the brightest of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)

Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed:
Eurydice! for whom his numerous moan
Makes listening trees and savage mountains groan:
Through all the air his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the land affecting and the main,
When the glad news that you were Admiral
Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in you,
Would be perplexed how to choose anew.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems
Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our love suspend;
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend.
As lilies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend;
Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry
He is too faultless and too young to die.
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
Who would not languish, by so fair a train
To be lamented and restor'd again?
Or, thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the blest? O'er young Adonis so

Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious show'r
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flow'r.
  The next support, fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame,
By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But step by step pursue thee to the grave.
  And now relentless Fate, about to end
The line which backward does so far extend
That antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits and with brightest eyes,
Kind Phœbus, interposing, bid me say,
Such storms no more shall shake that house, but they,
Like Neptune, and his sea-born niece [1], shall be
The shining glories of the land and sea;
With courage guard and beauty warm our age,
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

TO VAN DYKE.

RARE artisan! whose pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves;
From thy shop of Beauty we
Slaves return'd that enter'd free.
The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
With dear remembrance of that face
Where now he reads new hope of grace:

[1] Venus.

Nor scorn nor cruelty does find,
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her stubborn look
This softness from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a face.
May'st thou yet thyself as well,
As all the world besides, excel!
So you the' unfeigned truth rehearse,
(That I may make it live in verse)
Why thou couldst not at one assay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit?
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this:
For who would not repeat that bliss?
And frequent sight of such a dame
Buy with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still,
When Nature's self so often errs?
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the earth,
Which waxed old ere it could see
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.
  But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal colours grow

That could this deathless piece compose!
In lilies? or the fading rose?
No; for this theft thou hast climb'd higher
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

Not that thy trees at Penshurst groan,
  Oppressed with their timely load,
And seem to make their silent moan,
  That their great lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taste or eye
Would spend themselves in fruit, and die.

Not that thy harmless deer repine,
  And think themselves unjustly slain
By any other hand than thine,
  Whose arrows they would gladly stain;
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with France which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause
  Which now exacts your presence here,
Wherein there meet the divers laws
  Of public and domestic care.
For one bright nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of Thetis' son [1],
  (For which such stern debate did rise,
That the great Ajax Telamon
  Refus'd to live without the prize)
Those Achive peers did more engage,
Than she the gallants of our age.

[1] Achilles.

That beam of beauty which begun
  To warm us so when thou wert here,
Now scorches like the raging sun,
  When Sirius does first appear.
O fix this flame! and let despair
Redeem the rest from endless care.

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,

SERVANT TO SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
Prove more propitious to my slighted care
Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief
(Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)
Receive these plaints; nor will her high disdain
Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.
  So, in those nations which the sun adore,
Some modest Persian, or some weak-ey'd Moor,
No higher dares advance his dazzled sight,
Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their ascending god adorns the East,
And, graced with his beams, outshines the rest.
  Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets those arrows which confound us so.
A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit
(Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit.
The Graces put not more exactly on
The' attire of Venus when the Ball she won,
Than Sacharissa by thy care is drest,
When all our youth prefers her to the rest.
  You the soft season know when best her mind
May be to pity or to love inclin'd:

In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
Of that stern goddess. You, her priest, declare
What offerings may propitiate the fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
Or polish'd lines, which longer last than they:
For if I thought she took delight in those,
To where the cheerful Morn does first disclose,
(The shady Night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love I'd fly to fetch such gems.
But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip, excels
All that is found in mines or fishes' shells,
Her nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but immortal gifts her mind should please.
The shining jewels Greece and Troy bestow'd
On Sparta's Queen [1], her lovely neck did load,
And snowy wrists; but when the town was burn'd,
Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd:
Her beauty too had perish'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame.

TO MY

YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

Why came I so untimely forth
  Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
  Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

[1] Helen.

Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
  That age which you may know so soon:
The rosy Morn resigns her light
  And milder glory to the Noon:
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so!

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
  And Summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
  Of declination or decay:
For with a full hand *that* does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

TO AMORET.

Fair! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you.
Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.
  If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
  All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine:
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,

And those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.
  If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some pow'r above,
Which controls our wills in love!
  If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
  'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light:
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which how easily I may do,
Heav'n (as easily seal'd) does know!
  Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
  Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.
  Scarce can I to Heav'n excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored dame;
For 'tis not unlike the same

Which I thither ought to send;
So that if it could take end,
It would to Heav'n itself be due,
To succeed her and not you;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

TO AMORET.

AMORET! the Milky Way
Fram'd of many nameless stars!
The smooth stream where none can say
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret! my lovely Foe!
Tell me where thy strength does lie?
Where the power that charms us so;
In thy soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion seen,
No such wonders could be done;
Yet thy waist is straight and clean
As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod,
And powerful, too, as either god.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will a way.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in love to Heav'n does climb;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
  Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I inquire
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes:
Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
To civilize and to instruct the North?

Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp:
And though he be the patron of that spring,
Where, in calm peace, the sacred virgins sing,
He courage had to guard the' invaded throne
Of Jove, and cast the' ambitious giants down.
  Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art, (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy which so early kiss'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee?
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest;
Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the same ashes turn'd.
  Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our island so!
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From Heav'n this mischief on our heads is thrown.
  In a late dream the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair Hebrew [1], stand,
When first she felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of civil war.
Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage
Of better fortune for the present age,
'Heav'n sends,' quoth I, 'this discord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood;
To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours, who ere long shall mourn
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our arms.

[1] Rebekah.

'A lion so with self-provoking smart,
(His rebel tail scourging his nobler part)
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.'

TO A LADY,

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS! yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Cælia! for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy!

And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.
  Fool that I was! so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise:
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove:
For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.
  Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
  The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art; the motion us'd
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide;
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care;
And by that pow'r did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape:
She, with her own resemblance, grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.
  Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd

Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
  A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success:
For in their story one, we see,
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree;
A second, with a lover's haste,
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;
But she that did a virgin seem,
Possess'd, appears a wandering stream.
For his supposed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird,
And stands amaz'd to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of the' air.
  To these old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new;
The amorous now like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.
  But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed friend,
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same;
Again deceive him and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain:
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure lovers know;
Who, like good falconers, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have tried
  The silver favour which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dy'd,
  And drench'd it in the sable wave;
When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd:—

'Suppose you had deserv'd to take
  From her fair hand so fair a boon,
Yet how deserved I to make
  So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

'I, that expressed her commands
  To mighty lords and princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands,
  Proud that I would record their names,
Must now be taught an humble style,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!'

So I, the wronged pen to please,
  Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your Ladyship in these:
  And now 'tis forced to confess
That your great self did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

Chloris! since first our calm of peace
  Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
  And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves
  Her fruit and state while no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves,
  And the glad earth about her strows
  With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

Sees not my love how Time resumes
  The glory which he lent these flow'rs?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
  Yet must they live but some few hours,
  Time what we forbear devours!

Had Helen, or the' Egyptian Queen [1],
  Been ne'er so thrifty of their graces,
Those beauties must at length have been
  The spoil of Age, which finds out faces
  In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
  A barren drought or ceaseless show'r
Upon the autumn or the spring,
  And spare us neither fruit nor flow'r,
  Winter would not stay an hour.

[1] Cleopatra.

Could the resolve of love's neglect
  Preserve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more respect
  Were due to so divine a fashion,
  Nor would I indulge my passion.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF SOME PARTS OF THE BIBLE.

How bold a work attempts that pen,
  Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men
  Who here with the same spirit sung
Wherewith they now assist the choir
Of angels, who their songs admire!

Whatever those inspired souls
  Were urged to express, did shake
The aged deep, and both the poles;
  The r numerous thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heav'n consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred bard! what could bestow
  Courage on thee to soar so high?
Tell me, brave friend! what help'd thee so
  To shake off all mortality?
To light this torch thou hast climb'd higher
Than he who stole celestial fire[1].

[1] Promethens.

TO MR. HENRY LAWES,

WHO HAD THEN NEWLY SET A SONG OF MINE, IN THE YEAR 1635.

VERSE makes heroic virtue live,
But you can life to verses give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low,
But if a trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high and makes it last:
So in your airs our numbers drest,
Make a shrill sally from the breast
Of nymphs, who singing what we penn'd,
Our passions to themselves commend;
While love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.
  You by the help of tune and time,
Can make that song which was but rhyme.
Noy pleading, no man doubts the cause,
Or questions verses set by Lawes.
  As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint;
So others with division hide
The light of sense, the poet's pride;
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost:
The writer's and the setter's skill
At once the ravish'd ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *Ut*, *Re*, *Mi:*
Let words and sense be set by thee.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT.

WRITTEN IN FRANCE.

THUS the wise nightingale that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when storms and winter come,
Pursuing constantly the cheerful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.
The drooping Hebrews banish'd, harps unstrung
At Babylon upon the willows hung:
Your's sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage than in singing well;
While unconcern'd you let your country know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you;
Who with the Muses' help can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdoms and disorder states.
So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led;
Where he so sung, that we, through Pity's glass,
See Nero milder than Augustus was.
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be
The' indulgent censure of posterity.
To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime which its own curse doth bring:
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book,
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure fresh language told,
Like new-stamp'd coin made out of angel gold;
Such truth in love as the' antique world did know,
In such a style as courts may boast of now;

Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,
But human passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme, his virtue or his rage
Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.
Mars nor Bellona are not named here,
But such a Gondibert as both might fear:
Venus had here, and Hebe, been outshin'd
By thy bright Birtha and thy Rhodalind.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
Betwixt thy worthies and the Grecian gods!
Whose deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the sovereign crown:
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood,
Though not resisted, may be understood.

TO MY

WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE,

THE TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

THUS by the music we may know
When noble wits a-hunting go
Through groves that on Parnassus grow.

The Muses all the chase adorn;
My friend on Pegasus is borne;
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read
How to choose dogs for scent or speed,
And how to change or mend the breed.

What arms to use or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat or to tame;
With all the mysteries of that game.

But, worthy friend! the face of war
In ancient times doth differ far
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,
That man, so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees from sun to sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text
To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage.

Since none does more to Phœbus owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts which you so early know.

TO MY

WORTHY FRIEND MR. EVELYN,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

LUCRETIUS, (with a stork-like fate,
Born and translated in a state)
Comes to proclaim, in English verse,
No monarch rules the universe,
But chance, and atoms, make this All
In order democratical,
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force:
And this in such a strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with angel's wings,
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,
And other worlds discover'd there:
For his immortal, boundless wit,
To Nature does no bounds permit,
But boldly has remov'd those bars
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas, and stars,
By which they were before suppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be enclos'd,
Till his free Muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispark them all.
  So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem
The Roman language (which was spread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.
This speaks thy glory, noble friend!
And British language does commend;

For here Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his music, and his mind,
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid translated, Virgil too,
Show'd long since what our tongue could do:
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spar'd;
Only Lucretius was too hard:
Lucretius, like a fort, did stand
Untouch'd, till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear:
A garland! made of such new bays,
And sought in such untrodden ways,
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's and your own!

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

WHAT all men wish'd though few could hope to see,
We are now blest with, and oblig'd by thee.
Thou! from the ancient learned Latin store,
Giv'st us one author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the Stage
The idlest moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place some wondrous monster breeds,
And the Wits' garden is o'errun with weeds.
There, farce is comedy; bombast call'd strong;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.

'Tis hard to say they steal them now a-days,
For sure the ancients never wrote such plays.
These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
That Spenser knew, that Tasso felt before,
And Death found surly Ben exceeding poor.
Heav'n turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Cæsar, like Augustus, kind!
But let not this disturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread:
Thou art not curst to write thy verse with care,
But art above what other poets fear.
What may we not expect from such a hand,
That has, with books, himself at free command?
Thou know'st in youth what age has sought in vain;
And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.
So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,
Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit;
We read, and read again: and still admire [fire!
Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous
Pardon this rapture, Sir! But who can be
Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
And by your help these wretched lines may live.
But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
They seem unworthy to behold the light;
Let them with speed in deserv'd flames be thrown!
They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan;
But, dying silently, your justice own.

TO MY

WORTHY FRIEND SIR THO. HIGGONS,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

THE winged Lion's[1] not so fierce in fight
As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight;
Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,
Or roar so loud, as Businello's verse:
But your translation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty Businel.
As their small galleys may not hold compare
With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air;
So does the Italian to your genius vail,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus while your Muse spreads the Venetian story,
You make all Europe emulate her glory:
You make them blush weak Venice should defend
The cause of Heav'n, while they for words contend:
Shed Christian blood, and populous cities rase,
Because they're taught to use some different phrase.
If, listening to your charms, we could our jars
Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,
Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East;
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

[1] The arms of Venice.

TO A FRIEND,

OF THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES.

THRICE happy pair! of whom we cannot know
Which first began to love, or loves most now:
Fair course of passion! where two lovers start
And run together, heart still yok'd with heart:
Successful youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious in the first essay.
Sure love's an art best practised at first
And where the' experienced still prosper worst!
I with a different fate pursued in vain
The haughty Cælia, till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion borne,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
Now she relents; but all too late to move
A heart directed to a nobler love.
The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
Now than my vows and service did before.
So in some well-wrought hangings you may see
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
Here the fierce Mars his courage so inspires,
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:
But there, from Heav'n, the blue-ey'd virgin [1] falls,
And frighted Troy retires within her walls:
They that are foremost in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chase.
So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are,
In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

[1] Minerva.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth!
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The pow'r which you have o'er us lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
'None but a prince!'—Alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the master-bees have plac'd
In compass of their cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall?
Nor all appear, among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew.
The sap which at the root is bred
In trees, through all the boughs is spread;
But virtues which in parents shine,
Make not like progress through the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:
The place does oft those graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led.
He that the world subdued [1], had been
But the best wrestler on the green.
'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth:
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skies.
To the old heroes hence was giv'n
A pedigree which reach'd to Heav'n:
Of mortal seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd.

[1] Alexander.

And beauty, too, in such excess
As yours, Zelinda! claims no less.
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn,
Henceforth, to be of princes born.
I can describe the shady grove
Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove,
And yet excuse the faultless dame,
Caught with her spouse's shape and name.
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

TO MY LADY MORTON,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY,

AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

MADAM! new years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind;
Still as they pass they court and smile on you,
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.
To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer,
And fairest Morton now as much to her:
So like the sun's advance your titles show,
Which as he rises does the warmer grow.
  But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays.
From armed foes to bring a royal prize [1],
Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the general's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read,

[1] Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to King Charles I.

What may the living do, which brought away,
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey;
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princess, like a brand?
A brand! preserv'd to warm some prince's heart,
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's[2] part,
So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did shrowd
The hope of Rome[3], and sav'd him in a cloud.
This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape,
When through the guards, the river, and the sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
The forest wasted, and that lofty tree
Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burden to the Gallic shore.
Born in the storms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous air,
Though now she flies her native isle, (less kind,
Less safe for her than either sea or wind!)

[2] King Charles II. [3] Æneas.

Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the British throne;
Where Peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

TO A FAIR LADY,

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE! that such horror and such grace
Should dwell together in one place;
A fury's arm, an angel's face!

'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this and by her coldness barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy Snake! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know,
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this Snake:
A marble one so warm'd would speak.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS, AND JOINT INTEREST, OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS NATION.

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand
You bridal faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us represt.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet.
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies,
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest.
What may be thought impossible to do
By us embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea,
And every coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend, at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So what our earth and what our heav'n denies
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds.
Rome, though her Eagle through the world had [flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd, and now you;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against the' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun, but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one.
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state;
While by your valour and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our outguard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour-princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone.
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or Error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread,
The only cure which could from Heav'n come down
Was so much pow'r and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine.
The meanest in your nature, mild and good,
The noble rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live.
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept:

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when, without
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys: [noise,

Had you some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast:
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight:

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse.
Here, in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.
  But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendour of your state,
(Wrapp'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate!)
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprise,
That if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, Sir! too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from the' excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,
Watching your sceptre. The revolted sea
Trembles to think she did your foes obey.
  Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage became the scorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This giant Isle has got her eye again.
Now she might spare the ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now your thunder shall.

Princes that saw you, different passions prove;
For now they dread the object of their love,
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.
  And though it be our sorrow and our crime
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here, yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign:
For having view'd the persons and the things,
The councils, state, and strength of Europe's kings,
You know your work; ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heav'n does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice taught:
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concern employ'd;
He ripens spices, fruits, and precious gums,
Which from remotest regions hither comes.
  This seat of yours (from the' other world remov'd)
Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force fix'd here. Your pow'r and skill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.
  Much suffering Monarch! the first English-born
That has the crown of these three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of your own soil, contended half an age?
Till (your tried virtue and your sacred word,
At last preventing your unwilling sword)

Armies and fleets which kept you out so long,
Own'd their great Sovereign, and redress'd his wrong.
When straight the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So the' injur'd sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay;
Raging, the late got land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.
Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin.
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil,
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.
If then such praise the Macedonian [1] got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot,
What glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd interests? has the knot untied,
And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where Craft and Malice such impeachments laid?
But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
To His high hand which threw the untouch'd wall
Of self-demolish'd Jericho so low:
His angel 'twas that did before you go,
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.
Thus, patience crown'd, like Job's, your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon and your friends:

[1] Alexander.

For though your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the shock?
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,
And pitied those who love with frailty show'd.
  Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre grace
That suffers best. What region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?
  The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat Fortune, now she's kind.
And this way, too, you are victorious found;
She flatters with the same success she frown'd.
While to yourself severe, to others kind,
With pow'r unbounded and a will confin'd,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety and equal government are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.
  Faith, Law, and Piety, (that banish'd train!)
Justice and Truth, with you return again.
The City's trade, and Country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep,
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.
  But, above all, the Muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:
Kind Heav'n, at once, has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
Clarorum apparent * * * * HOR.

TO THE QUEEN,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, AFTER HER HAPPY RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS SICKNESS.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd so
The fairest light the world can show.
Welcome the new! whose every day,
Restoring what was snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the fair,
That matchless beauty does repair
So fast, that the approaching spring
(Which does to flowery meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all she had before.
  But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past:
We that esteem'd you sent from Heav'n,
A pattern to this island giv'n,
To show us what the bless'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,
When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure,
And tremble yet as not secure:
So though the sun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipse set free,
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.
  But that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help so near

For all the evil you can prove,
The kindness of your Royal love:
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserv'd for you, more dear,
More priz'd, than all those kingdoms were!
For when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropt the show'r,
Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

WHEN SHE WAS TAKING LEAVE OF THE COURT AT DOVER.

That sun of beauty did among us rise;
England first saw the light of your fair eyes:
In English, too, your early wit was shown;
Favour that language, which was then your own.
When, though a child, through guards you made your [way:
What fleet or army could an angel stay?
Thrice happy Britain! if she could retain
Whom she first bred within her ambient main.
Our late burnt London, in apparel new,
Shook off her ashes to have treated you:
But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea:
No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose!
Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell—
Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell!

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED THE COPY OF THE POEM ENTITLED, 'OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER,' WHICH FOR MANY YEARS HAD BEEN LOST.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they subdue become their spies.
Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
Presented to oblige the fair:
No wonder, then, that a lost thought
Should there be found where souls are caught.
  The picture of fair Venus (that
For which men say the goddess sat)
Was lost, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.
  If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write.
All things but one you can restore;
The heart you get returns no more.

TO MR. KILLEGREW,

UPON HIS ALTERING HIS PLAY, PANDORA, FROM A TRAGEDY INTO A COMEDY, BECAUSE NOT APPROVED ON THE STAGE.

SIR! you should rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your play,
You had oblig'd us by employing wit
Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit:

For as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her song,
While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his fellow-daws;
So must the writer whose productions should
Take with the vulgar be of vulgar mould;
Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and lessen as they fy.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR [1], WHO LATELY WRIT A RELIGIOUS BOOK, ENTITLED, 'HISTORICAL APPLICATIONS, AND OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS, UPON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.'

Bold is the man that dares engage
For piety in such an age!
Who can presume to find a guard
From scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd?
Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend;
But the profane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care;
For why should these let in a beam
Of divine light to trouble them,
And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That such men write what they believe;
And, feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient light.

[1] George, Earl of Berkeley.

Amongst these few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wish the throng of great and good
Made it less easily understood!

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR[1],

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM, ENTITLED, 'THE BRITISH PRINCES.'

SIR! you've oblig'd the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And at your own charge monuments as hard
As brass or marble to your fame have rear'd:
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own;
That 'twill be doubtful whether you do write
Or they have acted at a nobler height.
You of your ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Explain'd their customs and their rights a-new,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled those dark oracles as well
As those that made them could themselves foretell.
For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your poem plac'd him on his throne.

[1] The Hon. Edward Howard.

Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen
To raise the dead, and give new life to men,
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love
Whom distant ages did so far remove:
For as eternity has neither past
Nor future, (authors say) nor first nor last,
But is all instant, your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracles of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head,
To' observe what times they liv'd in or were dead?
For since you have such arbitrary power
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude:
For no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit:
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense that understands it here.

TO CHLORIS.

Chloris! what's eminent, we know
Must for some cause be valued so:
Things without use, though they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early rose, made to display
Her blushes to the youthful May,
Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our stars do show their excellence
Not by their light, but influence:

When brighter comets, since still known,
Fatal to all are lik'd by none,
So your admired beauty still
Is, by effects, made good or ill.

TO THE KING.

GREAT Sir! disdain not in this piece to stand
Supreme commander both of sea and land.
Those which inhabit the celestial bow'r,
Painters express with emblems of their pow'r;
His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.
  But your great providence no colours here
Can represent, nor pencil draw that care
Which keeps you waking to secure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increase;
You for these ends whole days in council sit,
And the diversions of your youth forget.
  Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wisdom govern'd not their course:
You as the soul, as the first mover you,
Vigour and life on every part bestow:
How to build ships, and dreadful ordnance cast,
Instruct the artists, and reward their haste.
  So Jove himself, when Typhon heav'n does brave,
Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky cave,
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks discover'd your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their god:
On that small island they had look'd with scorn,
And in Great Britain thought the Thunderer born.

TO THE DUCHESS,

WHEN HE PRESENTED THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage
And with the beauties of a former age,
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe:
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last,
And make you through as many ages shine,
As Tasso has the heroes of your line.
  Though other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the British Muse:
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own,
So the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

SONGS.

SONG.

Stay, Phœbus! stay;
  The world to which you fly so fast,
Conveying day
  From us to them, can pay your haste
With no such object, nor salute your rise
With no such wonder as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove
  The error of those antique books
Which made you move
  About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rolling earth snatch her away.

SONG.

Say, lovely Dream! where couldst thou find
  Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
  Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itself thou sure wert drest
  With that angel-like disguise:
Thus deluded am I blest,
  And see my joy with closed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind
  To be other than a dream:
Cruel Sacharissa's mind
  Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
  Change that heav'nly face of thine;
Paint despis'd love in thy face,
  And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,
  With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brook
  Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
  In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping ear,
  With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
  Thus surprised she may fall:
Sleep does disproportion hide,
  And, death resembling, equals all.

SONG.

Peace, babbling Muse!
  I dare not sing what you indite;
Her eyes refuse
  To read the passion which they write:
She strikes my lute, but if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground;

And I no less her anger dread,
  Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While some fierce lion does embrace
  His breathless corpse, and lick his face:
Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

SONG.

CHLORIS! farewell; I now must go;
  For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
  I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
  Among the rest, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
  Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
  A servant to another's will;
Yet for thy love I'd forfeit both,
  Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take,
  When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake
  May'st leave me with so just excuse?

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault
  That thou didst thus inconstant prove,
Being by my example taught
  To break thy oath to mend thy love.

No, Chloris! no: I will return,
  And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
  And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
  And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
  But make my constant meals at home.

SONG.

TO FLAVIA.

'Tis not your beauty can engage
  My wary heart;
The sun, in all his pride and rage,
  Has not that art;
And yet he shines as bright as you,
If brightness could our souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
  Nor those you write,
Which can make Thyrsis heart your prey:
  For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In some of our own sex we find.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;
  Love's surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him, are
  Headed with hearts:
Their very shadows make us yield;
Dissemble well, and win the field.

SONG.

Behold the brand of Beauty tost!
  See how the motion does dilate the flame!
Delighted Love his spoils does boast,
  And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
  Is both our wonder and our fear,
Moving the mind,
  As lightning hurled through the air.

High Heav'n the glory does increase
  Of all her shining lamps this artful way;
The sun in figures, such as these,
  Joys with the moon to play:
To the sweet strains they advance,
  Which do result from their own spheres,
As this nymph's dance
  Moves with the numbers which she hears.

SONG.

While I listen to thy voice,
  Chloris! I feel my life decay;
That powerful noise
  Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace! or singing die,
That together you and I
To heav'n may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.

SONG.

Go, lovely Rose!
  Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
  When I resemble her to thee,
  How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
  And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
  In deserts, where no men abide,
  Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
  Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
  Suffer herself to be desir'd,
  And not blush so to be admir'd:

Then die! that she
  The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
  How small a part of time they share
  That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

SUNG BY

MRS. KNIGHT, TO HER MAJESTY,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THIS happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious Saint, a matchless Queen;
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The saint above, the' Infanta here.
May all those years which Catharine
The martyr did for Heav'n resign,
Be added to the line
Of your blest life among us here!
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share!
May Heav'n itself content
With Catharine the Saint!
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS:

SPOKEN BEFORE KING CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majestic frown,
But lay aside the greatness of your crown!
And for that look which does your people awe,
When in your throne and robes you give them law,
Lay it by here, and give a gentler smile,
Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while
He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,
Or judges of the songs he does inspire.
Comedians on the stage show all their skill,
And after do as Love and Fortune will.
We are less careful, hid in this disguise;
In our own clothes more serious and more wise.
Modest at home, upon the stage more bold,
We seem warm lovers, though our breasts be cold:
A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

PROLOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

SCARCE should we have the boldness to pretend
So long-renown'd a tragedy to mend,
Had not already some deserv'd your praise
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays

This and Philaster have the loudest fame:
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both our English genius is express'd;
Lofty and bold, but negligently dress'd.
Above our neighbours our conceptions are;
But faultless writing is the' effect of care.
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste,
Polish'd like marble, would like marble last.
But as the present, so the last age writ;
In both we find like negligence and wit.
Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our Muse would flourish, and a nobler rage
Would honour this than did the Grecian stage.
Thus says our Author, not content to see
That others write as carelessly as he;
Though he pretends not to make things complete,
Yet, to please you, he'd have the poets sweat.
In this old play, what's new we have exprest
In rhyming verse, distinguish'd from the rest;
That as the Rhone its hasty way does make
(Not mingling waters) through Geneva's lake,
So having here the different styles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.
If we less rudely shall the knot untie,
Soften the rigour of the tragedy,
And yet preserve each person's character,
Then to the other this you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: the Boxes and the Pit
Are sovereign judges of this sort of wit.
In other things the knowing artist may
Judge better than the people; but a play,
(Made for delight, and for no other use)
If you approve it not, has no excuse.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

SPOKEN BY THE KING.

THE fierce Melantius was content, you see,
The King should live; be not more fierce than he:
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,
When love was held so capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compassion find,
But died—because the killer had been kind!
Nor is't less strange such mighty wits as those
Should use a style in tragedy like prose.
Well-sounding verse, where princes tread the stage,
Should speak their virtue, or describe their rage.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades:
And verses are the potent charms we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.
  When next we act this tragedy again,
Unless you like the change, we shall be slain.
The innocent Aspasia's life or death,
Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.
Excess of love was heretofore the cause;
Now if we die 'tis want of your applause.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY,

DESIGNED UPON THE FIRST ALTERATION OF THE PLAY, WHEN THE KING ONLY WAS LEFT ALIVE.

ASPASIA bleeding on the stage does lie
To show you still 'tis the Maid's Tragedy.
The fierce Melantius was content, you see,
The King should live: be not more fierce than he.
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,
When love was held so capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compassion find,
But died—because the killer had been kind!
This better-natur'd poet had repriev'd
Gentle Amintor too, had he believ'd
The fairer sex his pardon could approve,
Who to ambition sacrific'd his love.
Aspasia he has spar'd; but for her wound
(Neglected love!) there could no salve be found.
  When next we act this tragedy again,
Unless you like the change, I must be slain.
Excess of love was heretofore the cause;
Now if I die 'tis want of your applause.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the boy[1]
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy?
But had like virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,
The amorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek
Or hope for pity, but with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.

OF A LADY

WHO WRIT IN PRAISE OF MIRA.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known
Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own:
And when she would another's praise indite,
Is by her glass instructed how to write.

TO ONE MARRIED TO AN OLD MAN.

SINCE thou wouldst needs (bewitch'd with some ill charms!)
Be buried in those monumental arms,
All we can wish is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and so good night.

[1] Paris.

AN EPIGRAM

ON A PAINTED LADY WITH ILL TEETH.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net
So grossly woven and ill set,
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair Lyce must not show
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Show 'tis a painted sepulchre.

EPIGRAM UPON THE GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal side!
On the reverse our beauty's pride!
Here we discern the frown and smile,
The force and glory of our isle.
In the rich medal, both so like
Immortals stand, it seems antique;
Carv'd by some master, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove descend in gold,
And Danæ wondering at that show'r,
Which, falling storm'd her brazen tow'r:
Britannia there, the fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain:
Thunder itself had fail'd to pass:
Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

WRITTEN ON A CARD

THAT HER MAJESTY[1] TORE AT OMBRE.

THE cards you tear in value rise;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celestial things aspire,
Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

TO MR. GRANVILLE, (NOW LORD LANSDOWN)

ON HIS VERSES TO KING JAMES II.

AN early plant! which such a blossom bears,
And shows a genius so beyond his years:
A judgment! that could make so fair a choice;
So high a subject to employ his voice:
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless King!

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but the' exactly round:
So life we praise that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

[1] Queen Catharine.

TRANSLATED OUT OF SPANISH.

THOUGH we may seem importunate,
  While your compassion we implore,
They whom you make too fortunate,
  May with presumption vex you more.

TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

FADE, flowers! fade, Nature will have it so;
'Tis but what we must in our autumn do!
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that lov'd them found;
So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Miss'd by some few that lov'd our company:
But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

SOME VERSES

OF AN IMPERFECT COPY, DESIGNED FOR A FRIEND, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF OVID'S FASTI.

ROME'S holy days you tell, as if a guest
With the old Romans you were wont to feast.
Numa's religion, by themselves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in show receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their dictators taken from the plough:
Such pow'r has justice, faith, and honesty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.

Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
But where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES I.

AT CHARING CROSS, IN THE YEAR 1674.

That the First Charles does here in triumph ride,
See his son reign'd where he a martyr died,
And people pay that reverence as they pass,
(Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass,
Is not the' effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue and the stone;
But Heav'n this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught—
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,
And kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

PRIDE.

Not the brave Macedonian youth [1] alone,
But base Caligula, when on the throne,
Boundless in pow'r, would make himself a god,
As if the world depended on his nod.
The Syrian King [2] to beasts was headlong thrown,
Ere to himself he could be mortal known.

[1] Alexander. [2] Nebuchadnezzar.

The meanest wretch, if Heav'n should give him line,
Would never stop till he were thought divine.
All might within discern the Serpent's pride,
If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.
Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,
And woo the female to his painted bed;
Let winds and seas together rage and swell:
This Nature teaches, and becomes them well.
'Pride was not made for men[3]:' a conscious sense
Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,
Destroys the claim, and to beholders tells,
Here nothing but the shape of Manhood dwells.

EPITAPH ON SIR GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemish'd probity, and truth:
Just unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious son;
Whom neighbouring towns so often sent,
To give their sense in parliament;
With lives and fortunes trusting one
Who so discreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wise, temperate,
Contented with an old estate,
Which no foul avarice did increase,
Nor wanton luxury make less.
While yet but young, his father died,
And left him to an happy guide;
Not Lemuel's mother with more care
Did counsel or instruct her heir,
Or teach with more success her son
The vices of the time to shun.

[3] Eccles. chap. x. ver. 18.

An heiress she; while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give:
And he just gratitude did show
To one that had oblig'd him so:
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was so bred and taught.
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honour lead)
His short life did a pattern give
How neighbours, husbands, friends, should live.
  The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noise and strife
Of battles won: in those we find
The solid interest of mankind.
  Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
Though young, like fruit that's ripe he fell.

EPITAPH ON COLONEL CHARLES CAVENDISH.

HERE lies Charles Ca'ndish: let the marble stone
That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.
Beauty and valour did his short life grace,
The grief and glory of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world survey,
As if he knew he had not long to stay:
Saw what great Alexander in the East
And mighty Julius conquer'd in the West:
Then with a mind as great as theirs he came
To find at home occasion for his fame;
Where dark confusion did the nations hide,
And where the juster was the weaker side,
Two loyal brothers took their Sovereign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art:

The elder[1] did whole regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct and his sword.
Born to command, a leader he begun,
And on the rebels lasting honour won.
The horse, instructed by their general's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North.
Where Ca'ndish fought the Royalists prevail'd;
Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd.
The current of his victories found no stop,
Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefest prop.
Equal success had set these champions high,
And both resolv'd to conquer or to die.
Virtue with rage, fury with valour strove;
But that must fall which is decreed above!
Cromwell with odds of number and of fate,
Remov'd this bulwark of the church and state;
Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,
And made his task to ruin both less hard.
So when the bank, neglected, is o'erthrown,
The boundless torrent does the country drown.
Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
Strew bays and flowers on his honour'd grave!

EPITAPH ON THE LADY SEDLEY.

Here lies the learned Savile's heir,
So early wise, and lasting fair!
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot;
And she so well improv'd that stock
Both of his knowledge and his flock,

[1] William, Earl of Devonshire.

That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
In her, upon each other smil'd.
While she, to every well-taught mind,
Was so propitiously inclin'd,
And gave such title to her store,
That none but the' ignorant were poor.
The Muses daily found supplies,
Both from her hands and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchless beauty warm their rage.
Such was this dame, in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament and praise!
But, when a storm disturb'd our rest,
The port and refuge of the' opprest.
This made her fortune understood,
And look'd on as some public good.
So that (her person and her state,
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our Civil fury she
Stood, like a sacred temple, free.
May here her monument stand so,
To credit this rude age! and show
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue see;
And one sublime example had
Of good among so many bad.

EPITAPH

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER THE LATIN INSCRIPTION UPON THE TOMB OF THE ONLY SON OF THE LORD ANDOVER.

'Tis fit the English reader should be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.

'Tis not a noble corpse alone does lie
Under this stone, but a whole family.
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies buried with this boy:
This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been space and years enough allow'd
His courage, wit, and breeding to have show'd,
We had not found, in all the numerous roll
Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul:
His early virtues to that ancient stock
Gave as much honour as from thence he took.
Like buds appearing ere the frosts are past,
To become man he made such fatal haste,
And to perfection labour'd so to climb,
Preventing slow experience and time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd,
He's seldom old that will not be a child.

EPITAPH UNFINISHED.

GREAT soul! for whom Death will no longer stay,
But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.
O cruel Death! to those you take more kind
Than to the wretched mortals left behind;
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue, shin'd,
Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.
Inspired verse may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy ashes give——
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

OBSERVATIONS [1].

One of our most celebrated writers, both for learning and language, has defined satire and invective to be the easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it will serve to abuse and find fault; 'For wit,' says he, 'is a keen instrument, and every one can cut and gash with it; but to carve a beautiful image, and polish it, requires great art and dexterity. To praise any thing well is an argument of much more wit than to abuse. A little wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for satire; but the greatest instance of wit is to commend well. And, perhaps, the best things are the hardest to be duly commended; for though there be a great deal of matter to work upon, yet there is great judgment required to make choice; and where the subject is great and excellent, it is hard not to sink below the dignity of it.' Whether or not Dr. Tillotson had Mr. Waller in his thoughts when he was giving this description of wit, it is evident that he has, in the liveliest colours, delineated the character of his genius and writings. And since it was his principal intention to recommend with all the ornaments of poetry, the brightest examples of his own age to the imitation of all that should succeed, and

[1] From Fenton's Quarto edition, 1729.

even desired that every verse might be expunged which did not imply some motive to virtue, I believe it will be serviceable to many of his admirers, in a few cursory Remarks, to give an account of the occasions on which some of his poems were written, and the characters of the persons to whom others were addressed; many of which, at the distance of an hundred years, must be grown obscure to most of his readers. Nor shall I be much concerned at the censure of those who may think I have bestowed too much pains on a modern poet of our own nation, before I am convinced that we owe less to the memory of Mr. Waller, than Italy and France have long since paid to their Petrarch and Malherbe; the former of whom is said to have employed as many commentators as even Virgil himself: and not only the learned Menage, but all the French Academy, thought the latter highly deserved their consideration.

VOL. I.

MISCELLANIES.

Of the Danger his Majesty (being Prince) escaped in the Road at St. Andero, p. 27.

This poem may serve as a model for those who intend to succeed in panegyric, in which our Author illustrates a plain historical fact with all the graces of poetical fiction; as will appear by comparing it with the subject, as the writers of that age have left it recorded. Prince Charles having spent about

six months at Madrid in soliciting a marriage with the Infanta of Spain, was at length disgusted with the affected delays which he met with in that court, and resolved on returning to England. The royal navy, under the command of the Earl of Rutland, being arrived in the Bay of Biscay, at the port of St. Andero, he was attended from Madrid by the Cardinal Zapata, the Marquis Aytone, the Earls of Gondemar, Monterie, Barais, and other grandees, whom the Prince entertained magnificently on shipboard; but in carrying them back to shore, a tempest overtook them with so much fury, that they could neither reach land nor regain the fleet; and night coming on, when the rowers were fainting with toil, their horror was almost increased to despair. In this calamity they yielded themselves to the mercy of the seas, till, at last, they spied a light in a ship near to which the storm had driven them, on which, not without much danger of being dashed to pieces, they were safely received; and when the tempest abated, his Highness returned to the Admiral, and arrived at Portsmouth on the 5th of October 1623; when (as our English Cicero expresseth it) the whole nation seemed for joy to go out beyond its own shores to meet him. This adventure happened in the eighteenth year of Mr. Waller's age; by which it appears that he began to write only twenty-five years after the death of Spenser, of whom I shall say something more in the course of these Observations.

On his Majesty's receiving the News of the Duke of Buckingham's Death, p. 32.

GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham, was a person whom Nature seemed to have solicitously intended for a court, and Fortune was equally industrious to accomplish her intentions. At his first appearance there he was received with the smile of King James I. who, from the station of a private gentleman, in a few years advanced him to all the dignities that even himself could desire; and no other person was employed in any eminent post, who did not owe their rise to or their dependence entirely upon him. By a singular felicity he preserved and improved the same interest with King Charles I.; so that the crown of England, upon whatever head it shone, seemed to have been destined to reflect a lustre on his fortune. In this career of prosperity he gave the rein to many criminal passions, and thought nothing unlawful that could gratify his lust, his ambition, or his revenge, which precipitated him into many unpopular and unjustifiable actions, by which, at length, he became odious to the nation; till Providence suffered him to be cut off in the full strength and verdure of his age (for he had not exceeded the thirty-sixth year) by the vulgar hand of a melancholic assassin. The person was one Lieutenant Felton, who apprehended himself injured by the Duke, who upon the vacancy of a captain's commission had placed another in that post, to which Felton thought that his services entitled him. Accordingly, to accomplish his revenge, when the Duke was at Ports-

mouth, ready to embark on board the fleet that was to relieve Rochelle, the Lieutenant pursued him thither, where waiting an opportunity to perpetrate his horrid design, at the first that offered itself he stabbed him to the heart; the court being then at Southwick, the seat of Sir Daniel Norton, about five miles distant from the scene where this tragedy was acted. The King's behaviour on this occasion is the subject of Mr. Waller's poem. The Duke having been murdered on the 23d of August 1628, it is evident that Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat.* 23.

On the taking of Salle, p. 34.

SALLE is a city in the province of Fez, and derives its name from the river Sala, on which it is situated, near its influx into the Atlantic ocean. It was a place of good commerce, till addicting itself entirely to piracy, and revolting from its allegiance to the Emperor of Morocco, in the year 1632 he sent an embassy to King Charles, desiring him to send a squadron of men of war to lie before the town whilst he attacked it by land; which the King consenting to, the city was soon reduced, the fortifications demolished, and the leaders of the rebellion put to death. The year following the Emperor sent another ambassador with a present of fine Barbary horses, and three hundred Christian slaves; at the same time desiring his Majesty, that 'since it had pleased God to be so auspicious to their beginning, in the conquest of Salle, they might join and succeeed, with hope of like success, in war against Tunis, Algier, and other places;

dens, and receptacles for the inhuman villanies of those that abhor rule and government.' From whence it appears that Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat.* 28.

Puerperium, p. 41.

As far as we are able to guess, at this distance, Mr. Waller seems to have written this poem in the year 1640, *anno ætat.* 35, before the Queen was delivered, at Oatlands, of her fourth son, Henry Duke of Gloucester, while the Scots were marching into England.

The Countess of Carlisle in mourning, p. 42.

To form a just idea of the person whose death occasioned the writing of these verses, it will be necessary to peruse his character, as it is drawn by the Earl of Clarendon, whom on all occasions I shall employ to set Mr. Waller's Poems in a clearer light; and I presume, if Thucydides and Livy could have been made as serviceable in illustrating the Greek and Roman Classics, the world would never have accused their editors of being too sparing of their own speculations.

'He was a younger brother of a noble family in Scotland, and came into the kingdom with King James, as a gentleman, under no other character than a person well qualified by his breeding in France, and by study in human learning, in which he bore a good part in the entertainment of the King, who much delighted in that exercise; and by these means, and notable gracefulness in his

behaviour and affability, in which he excelled, he had wrought himself into a particular interest with his master, and into greater affection and esteem with the whole English nation, than any other of that country, by choosing their friendships and conversation, and really preferring it to any of his own; insomuch as, upon the King's making him Gentleman of his Bedchamber, and Viscount Doncaster, by his royal mediation (in which office he was a most prevalent prince) he obtained the sole daughter and heir of the Lord Denny to be given him in marriage; by which he had a fair fortune in land provided for any issue he should raise, and which his son, by this lady, lived long to enjoy. He ascended, afterwards, and with the expedition he desired, to the other conveniences of the court. He was Groom of the Stole, and an Earl, and Knight of the Garter; and married a beautiful young lady, daughter to the Earl of Northumberland, without any other approbation of her father, or concernment in it, than suffering him and her to come into his presence after they were married. He lived rather in a fair intelligence than any friendship with the favourites, having credit enough with his master to provide for his own interest, and he troubled not himself for that of other men; and had no other consideration of money than for the support of his lustre; and whilst he could do that he cared not for money, having no bowels in the point of running in debt, or borrowing all he could. He was surely a man of the greatest expense, in his own person, of any in the age he lived, and introduced more of that expense, in the excess of clothes and diet, than any

other man; and was indeed the original of all those inventions from which others did but transcribe copies. He had a great universal understanding, and could have taken as much delight in any other way, if he had thought any other as pleasant, and worth his care; but he found business was attended with more rivals and vexations, and, he thought, with much less pleasure, and not more innocence. He left behind him the reputation of a very fine gentleman, and a most accomplished courtier; and after having spent, in a very jovial life, above 400,000*l.* which, upon a strict computation, he received from the crown, he left not a house nor acre of land to be remembered by. And when he had in his prospect (for he was very sharp-sighted, and saw as far before him as most men) the gathering together of that cloud in Scotland, which shortly after covered both kingdoms, he died with as much tranquillity of mind, to all appearance, as used to attend a man of more severe exercise of virtue, and with as little apprehension of death, which he expected many days.'

His expensive luxury has been just now mentioned in the Earl of Clarendon's character, to which I will add what is recorded by Osborn, who was likewise his contemporary. 'The Earl of Carlisle,' says he, 'was one of the quorum that brought in the vanity of ante-suppers, not heard of in our forefathers' time, and, for aught I have read, or at least remember, unpractised by the most luxurious tyrants; the manner of which was, to have the board covered at the first entrance of the guests with dishes as high as a tall man could well reach, filled with the choicest and dearest viands sea or land

could afford; and all this once seen, and having feasted the eyes of the invited, was in a manner thrown away, and fresh set on to the same height, having only this advantage of the other, that it was hot. I cannot forget one of the attendants of the King that, at a feast made by this monster in excess, ate to his single share a whole pie, reckoned to my Lord at 10*l* ; another writer says at 20*l*.'*** What follows is too coarse to be transcribed, till he comes to tell us** 'When the most able physicians, and the Earl's own weakness, had passed judgment he could not live many days, he did not forbear his entertainments, but made divers brave clothes (as he said) to outface naked and despicable Death withal; blaspheming God so far in the person of his handmaid Nature, as to say she wanted wisdom, love, or power, in making man mortal, and subject to diseases; forgetting that if every individual his own lust had been able to have produced should have prosecuted an equal excess with his, they would, in a far less time than an age, have brought themselves or the world into the same disease he died of, which was a consumption.'

In Answer to one who writ a Libel against the Countess of Carlisle, p. 44.

THE title of this poem is supplied from the table to the first edition: the beginning of it refers to a passage in the fifth Iliad, where Homer introduceth Pallas inspiriting Diomede to wound Venus, when she was rescuing her son Æneas from imminent danger in a combat.

On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's Picture, p. 46.

ROBERT SIDNEY, the second of that name who succeeded to the Earldom of Leicester, married the Lady Dorothy Percy, sister to the celebrated Countess of Carlisle, by whom he had a numerous issue. Of eight daughters, the Lady Dorothy, whom Mr. Waller has made immortal in his Poems, was the first-born; but when or where she was born I have not been able to discover, no mention being made of her name in the register at Penshurst: so that, like the Grecian Venus, (whom the Muses, I think, never pretended to have seen in her cradle) she appears at once in the full bloom and lustre of beauty, to receive the hymns of her adorers.

Non licuit populis parvam te, Diva, videre.

In the year 1639 she was married to Henry Lord Spenser, created Earl of Sunderland by King Charles I. in whose cause, a little more than four years after his marriage, he was slain at the battle of Newbury, before he had completed the twenty-third year of his age. 'A lord of great fortune, and early judgment! who having no command in the army, attended upon the King's person under the obligation of honour; and putting himself, that day, (Sept. 20, 1643) in the King's troop a volunteer, before they came to charge was taken away by a cannon bullet.' By this lady he left three children, only one of which was a son, from whom the present Earl of Sunderland is lineally descended; and having survived her lord about forty years, she was buried in the same vault with him, at

Brinton, in Northamptonshire, on the 25th of February 1683.

At Penshurst, p. 47.

THE name of this seat denotes its situation to be in a woody country, which is the extremity of the Weald of Kent, to which Mr. Waller has alluded:

> Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
> That it became a garden of a wood.

In the reign of King Edward VI. it was forfeited to the crown by its former proprietor, and granted by that Prince to Sir William Sidney, Lord Chamberlain of his Household.

Had Dorothea liv'd, &c.] This verse is printed as it stands in the old edition; by which the poem appears to have been written before Mr. Waller had determined to celebrate this lady under the name of Sacharissa, a name which recals to mind what is related of the Turks, who, in their gallantries, think *sucar birpara, i. e.* bit of sugar, to be the most polite and endearing compliment they can use to the ladies.

The Story of Phœbus and Daphne applied, p. 50.

THE passion of Apollo for Daphne is related by Ovid, in the first book of his Metamorphoses, the application of which has produced one of the most beautiful poems in our own or any other modern language. Yet I cannot think Mr. Waller was so peculiarly fond of it as likewise to be author of the following version, but rather give credit to

a memorandum which I once found in the margin of an old edition, which affirmed that Sir John Suckling translated it into Latin.

Upon the Death of my Lady Rich, p. 55.

In all Mr. Waller's collection of beauties, no one appears more amiable in all lights than she whose untimely death is deplored in this excellent elegy. She was the Lady Anne Cavendish, sole daughter of William Earl of Devonshire, and was married to the heir of the Earl of Warwick whose character will be recited in these Observations; by whom she left only one son, who, long after her death, married Cromwell's youngest daughter: an alliance which, had she lived, she would no doubt have endeavoured to prevent, as it was most cordially detested by all her own loyal relations. Before she had completed the twenty-seventh year of her age, she died at Lees, and was buried at Felsted in Essex, in the year 1638; so that we may conclude Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat.* 33. A lady! whose accomplishments were in every kind so extraordinary, that they seem to have transcended even his genius to delineate them as they deserved: and therefore I will add another description of her person, from which, when we have formed an idea of consummate beauty and virtue, and applied it to my Lady Rich, we shall not flatter her memory. The verses were written by Mr. Sidney Godolphin, a young gentleman of extraordinary parts, who, in an engagement with the rebels in the west, was slain at Chagford, a little town in the south of Devon, leaving the misfortune of his death upon

a place which could never otherwise have had a mention to the world.

Possess'd of all that Nature could bestow,
All we can wish to be, or reach to know:
Equal to all the patterns which our mind
Can frame of good beyond the good we find;
All beauties which have pow'r to bless the sight,
Mix'd with transparent virtue's greater light;
At once producing love and reverence,
The admiration of the soul and sense:
The most discerning thoughts, the calmest breast,
Most apt to pardon, needing pardon least;
The largest mind, and which did most extend
To all the laws of daughter, wife, and friend;
The most allow'd example, by what line
To live, what path to follow, what decline;
Who best all distant virtues reconcil'd,
Strict, cheerful, humble, great, severe, and mild;
Constantly pious, to her latest breath,
Not more a pattern in her life than death;
The Lady Rich lies here. More frequent tears
Have never honour'd any tomb than her's.

Of Mrs. Arden, p. 61.

I SUPPOSE she was either a Maid of Honour, or a Gentlewoman of the Bedchamber, to King Charles the First's Queen, and the same who is mentioned in the list of Court ladies who acted Mr. Montague's Shepherd's Paradise, which is deservedly ridiculed by Sir John Suckling in his Session of the Poets.

Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs, p. 61.

THE persons on whom these verses were written, were Mr. Richard Gibson, a favourite Page of the Backstairs, and Mrs. Anne Shepherd, whose marriage King Charles I. honoured with his presence, and gave the bride. I have seen both of them

painted by Sir Peter Lely, and they appeared to have been of an equal stature, each of them measuring three feet ten inches. They had nine children, five of which attained to maturity, and were well proportioned to the usual standard of mankind. Mr. Gibson's genius led him to painting, in the rudiments of which art he was instructed by De Clein, master of the tapestry works at Mortlake, and famous for the cuts which he designed for some of Ogilby's things, and Mr. Sandys's excellent translation of Ovid. His paintings in water-colours were well esteemed; but the copies which he made of Lely's portraits gained him the greatest reputation He had the honour to be employed in teaching Queen Anne the art of drawing, and was sent for into Holland to instruct her sister the Princess of Orange. To recompense the shortness of their stature, Nature gave them an equivalent in length of days, for he died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and his wife, having survived him almost twenty years, deceased *anno Dom.* 1709, *ætat.* 89.

Thyrsis, Galatea, p. 69.

THE person who is the subject of this poem was Lady Mary Fielding, daughter to the Earl of Denbigh, by a sister of the favourite Duke of Buckingham. She was contracted to the Duke of Hamilton when she was but seven years of age, and in the Memoirs of her lord, written by Burnet, we have her character at large: an author whom I quote the more willingly on this occasion, presuming his veracity may pass uncensured, now he happens to speak well of the dead.

'She was a lady of great and singular worth, and her person was noble and graceful, like the handsome race of the Villiers's; but, to such as knew her well, the virtues of her mind were far more shining. She was educated from a child in the court, and esteemed and honoured by all in it, and by none more than the late King, (Charles I.) who, as he was one of the chastest men, not to say princes, so he was a perfect honourer of all virtuous ladies. She was lady of the Queen's bed-chamber, and admitted by her Majesty into an entire confidence and friendship; and not only was her honour unstained, but even her fame continued untouched with calumny, she being so strict to the severest rules as never to admit of those follies which pass in that style for gallantry. She was a most affectionate and dutiful wife; and used to say, "she had the greatest reason to bless God for having given her such a husband, whom, as she loved perfectly, so she was not ashamed to obey." But that which crowned all her other perfections, was the deep sense she had of religion. She lived and died in the communion of the Church of England, and was a very devout person. Many years before her death she was so exact in observing her retirements to her closet, that, notwithstanding all her avocations, and the divertisements of the court, (as the writer was informed by one who lived with her) no day passed over her without bestowing large portions of her time on them, besides her constant attendance on the Chapel. She bore first three daughters, and then three sons. Her daughters were lady Mary, lady Anne, and lady Susanna; her sons were Charles, James, and William; but all her sons, and her eldest

daughter, died young. A year before she died she languished, which ended in a consumption, of which, after a few months' sickness, she died; so that she prepared for death timeously. About a month before her death she called for her children, and gave them her last blessings and embraces, ordering them to be brought no more near her, lest the sight of them might have kindled too much tenderness in her heart, which she was then studying to raise above all created objects, and fix where she was shortly to be admitted. She died the 10th of May 1638, and left her lord a most sad and afflicted person; and though his spirit was too great to sink under any burden, yet all his life after he remembered her with much tender affection. She died, indeed, in a good time for her own repose, when her lord was beginning to engage in the affairs of Scotland, which proved so fatal both to his quiet and life.' From the date of her death, it appears that Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat.* 33.

Upon Ben Jonson, p. 72.

WHATEVER tradition hath preserved relating to those writers who are celebrated by Mr. Waller, has been so often repeated in the Lives of the English Poets, or mentioned in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, that it would be superfluous to transcribe what really would yield but small entertainment to the reader; and therefore I shall pass all, or most of them, over in silence, till I come to speak of my lord Roscommon, of whom, I think, I am enabled to give a fuller account than has hitherto appear-

ed; and at present will only make this general observation on Mr. Waller's commendatory verses, that they are to be esteemed as the pure effects of candour and friendship; in many of which he seems like a good-natured magistrate, to have been prevailed upon, by the innocent poverty of the books which he commends, to give them a passport for present subsistence, in their journey to 'the land where all things are forgotten.'

Of a War with Spain, and Fight at Sea, p. 86.

Mr. Waller's principal aim in this poem is to recommend the Protector to the reverence of the nation under the title of King, which the Usurper ambitiously affected; but finding that the same evil spirit which he had artfully conjured up against his lawful sovereign still possessed the House of Commons to perplex his own affairs, he projected the scheme of engaging in a war with Spain, to be enabled, by foreign spoil, to establish his government in what form, and under what denomination he pleased, without depending on parliamentary counsel or supplies. With this view he concluded a peace with France against Spain, which is censured by Ludlow, Welwood, and others for the falsest step he ever made, and the most fatal to the tranquillity of Europe. However, his own hopes were sufficiently answered by the success of that naval expedition which is the subject of this poem.

With these returns victorious Montagu.] In some late editions the title of this poem injuriously gives the glory of this action to General Montagu which is entirely due to Stayner, who, for his bravery on

this occasion, and soon afterwards at Santa Cruz, was knighted by Cromwell; and had his valour been employed in a better cause, by a better master, he might have been justly ranked amongst those who have merited most of the English nation. But when Montagu came back from the coast of Portugal, the Marquis's two sons, and two surviving daughters, with about ninety other prisoners and all the bullion, were committed to his care. With these returns he to Portsmouth, where he received the Protector's orders to bring them by land to London, and his orders were executed with great ostentation.

Upon the Death of the Lord Protector, p. 90.

Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat.* 53.

Nature herself took notice of his death, &c.] He expired upon the 3d day of Sept. 1658, a day he thought always very propitious to him, and on which he had twice triumphed for two of his greatest victories: and this was now a day very memorable for the greatest storm of wind that had been ever known, for some hours before and after his death, which overthrew trees, houses, and made great wrecks at sea; and the tempest was so universal, that the effects of it were terrible both in France and Flanders, where all people trembled at it: for besides the wrecks all along the sea-coast, many boats were cast away in the very rivers; and within few days after, the circumstance of his death, that accompanied the storm, was universally known.

'He was one of those men *quos vituperare ne ini-*

mici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent, "whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time:" for he could never have done half that mischief without great courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them, who, from a private and obscure birth, (though of a good family) without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests, into a consistence that contributed to his own designs, and to their own destruction, whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What was said of Cinna may very justly be said of him, *Ausum eum, quæ nemo auderet bonus; perfecisse, quæ à nullo nisi fortissimo persici possent:* "he attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded." Without doubt no man with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty; yet wickedness, great as his, could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, and admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.' *Earl of Clarendon's History, Book* xv.

Of the Invasion and Defeat of the Turks, p. 95.

THE siege of Vienna, which occasioned the writing this poem, began about the middle of July 1683, (in the seventy-eighth year of Mr. Waller's age) and was carried on with great fury by an army of a hundred thousand Turks, under the conduct of the Grand Vizier; but he was compelled to raise it on the 10th of the following September, by that heroic prince, John Sobieski, King of Poland, at whose arrival the Infidels made such a precipitate flight, that they left behind them their field-equipage and the standard of the Ottoman empire, with a hundred and eighty pieces of cannon. Upon this defeat the commotions grew so violent among the Janizaries, that the Sultan was obliged to commute for his own safety with the death of his great favourite Cara Mustapha, the Grand Vizier, who was strangled at Belgrade on the 25th of December 1683. He had attained to the highest dignities and command that a subject is capable of enjoying in that government, by the interest of the Sultaness-mother Valida, to whom, for many years, he had been a gallant; but not long before this fatal campaign he had fallen passionately in love with Basch-Lari, the Sultan's sister, which so irritated the forsaken Valida, that she made use of the necessities of the state to be revenged for his inconstancy, and prevailed with her son, the Emperor Mahomet, to send for his head; to which he is said to have assented with the greatest reluctance.

Of her Royal Highness, Mother to the Prince of Orange, &c. p. 99.

MARY, Princess of Orange, was the eldest daughter of King Charles I. born at St. James's, *anno Dom.* 1631, and contracted, in the tenth year of her age, to William, only son of Frederic Henry Prince of Orange. She was a lady whose piety and incomparable goodness of nature were not confined to a fruitless compassion of the calamities of her family, but rendered her active in promoting their interests, and bountiful to their friends when they wanted her support and protection. After nineteen years' absence she returned to her native country, to partake in the general joy at her brother's restoration. Soon after her arrival the House of Commons presented her Highness with 10,000 *l.* which, though it might in some measure evidence their own duty and affection, was but a poor equivalent for only one article of her bounty, she having, for many years, appropriated one half of her annual revenue to the support of the Duke of Gloucester, that he might not be influenced to change his religion, by accepting a pension from the Catholic princes; but her soul was too noble either to balance benefits herself, or to suffer others to reduce them to a strict computation. After she had passed about three months in England, she died of the small-pox, and was interred in Henry VII.'s chapel, December 31, *anno Dom.* 1660, *ætat. suæ* 29. At the time of his writing this poem Mr. Waller appears to have been in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Upon her Majesty's new Buildings at Somerset-house, p. 100.

THE queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, returned with a design to pass the remainder of her life in England, *anno Dom.* 1662, when Mr. Waller was in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Upon settling at Somerset-house she beautified the old palace, and, I think, added all those buildings that front to the river. Mr. Cowley has an excellent copy of verses on this occasion.

Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation of Horace, p. 105.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, was born in Ireland, whilst the government of that kingdom was committed to the care of the great Earl of Strafford, to whom the Countess of Roscommon (descended from the Boyntons of Bramston, in the county of York) was nearly related; and when he was baptized, the lord lieutenant gave him the surname of his own family. In that kingdom he passed the first years of his infancy; but his father having been converted by Archbishop Usher from the communion of the church of Rome, the Earl of Strafford, apprehending that his family would be exposed to the most furious effects of religious revenge, at the beginning of the Irish rebellion sent for his godson into England, and placed him at his own seat in Yorkshire, under the tuition of Dr. Hall, a person of eminent learning and piety. By him he was instructed in Latin; and, without learning the common rules of grammar, which he could never re-

tain in his memory, he attained to write in that language with classical elegance and propriety, and with so much ease, that he chose it to correspond with those friends who had learning sufficient to support the commerce. When the cloud began to gather over England, and the Earl of Strafford was singled out for a prey to popular fury, by the advice of the Lord Primate Usher he was sent to complete his education at Caen in Normandy, under the care and direction of the famous Bochartus. After some years he travelled to Rome, where he grew familiar with the most valuable remains of Antiquity, applying himself particularly to the knowledge of medals, which he gained in perfection, and spoke Italian with so much grace and fluency, that he was frequently mistaken there for a native. Soon after the restoration he returned to England, where he was graciously received by King Charles II. and made Captain of the Band of Pensioners. In the gaieties of that age he was tempted to indulge a violent passion for gaming, by which he frequently hazarded his life in duels, and exceeded the bounds of a moderate fortune. A dispute with the Lord Privy Seal about part of his estate obliging him to revisit his native country, he resigned his post in the English court, and soon after his arrival at Dublin, the Duke of Ormond appointed him to be Captain of the Guards. His beloved Horace observed, that 'the diseases of the mind are seldom cured by change of air:' the truth of which was confirmed by his Lordship's example; for he was there as much as ever distempered with the same fatal affection for play, which engaged him in one adventure that well deserves to be related. As he

returned to his lodgings from a gaming-table he was attacked in the dark by three ruffians, who were employed to assassinate him: the Earl defended himself with so much resolution, that he dispatched one of the aggressors, whilst a gentleman, accidentally passing that way, interposed and disarmed another; the third secured himself by flight. This generous assistant was a disbanded officer, of a good family and fair reputation, who, by what we call the partiality of Fortune, to avoid censuring the iniquities of the times, wanted even a plain suit of clothes to make a decent appearance at the Castle: but his Lordship, on this occasion, presenting him to the Duke of Ormond, with great importunity prevailed with his Grace that he might resign his post of Captain of the Guards to his friend; which for about three years the gentleman enjoyed, and upon his death the Duke returned the commission to his generous benefactor.

The pleasures of the English court, and the friendships he had there contracted, were powerful motives for his return to London. Soon after he came he was made Master of the Horse to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, and married the Lady Frances, eldest daughter of Richard Earl of Burlington, who before had been he wife of Colonel Courtney. And about this time, in imitation of those learned and polite assemblies with which he had been acquainted abroad, particularly one at Caen, (in which his tutor Bochartus died suddenly whilst he was delivering an oration) he began to form a society for the refining and fixing the standard of our language, in which design his great friend Mr. Dryden was a principal assistant:

a design of which it is much easier to conceive an agreeable idea, than any rational hope ever to see it brought to perfection among us. This project, at least, was entirely defeated by the religious commotions that ensued on King James's accession to the throne; at which time the Earl took a resolution to pass the remainder of his life at Rome, telling his friends, it would be best to sit next to the chimney when the chamber smoked. Amid these reflections he was seized by the gout; and being too impatient of pain, he permitted a bold French pretender to physic to apply a repelling medicine, in order to give him present relief, which drove the distemper into his bowels, and in a short time put a period to his life, in the year 1684. The moment in which he expired he cried out, with a voice that expressed the most intense fervour of devotion,

> My God, my father, and my friend!
> Do not forsake me at my end.

He was buried, with great funeral pomp, in Westminster Abbey; but his friends seem to have thought his own writings a more durable monument than any they could erect to his memory. And in them we view the image of a mind that was naturally serious and solid, richly furnished and adorned with all the ornaments of art and science, and those ornaments unaffectedly disposed in the most regular and elegant order. His imagination might have probably been more fruitful and sprightly, if his judgment had been less severe, but that severity (delivered in a masculine, clear, succinct style) contributed to make him so eminent in the didactical manner, that no man, with justice, can affirm

he was ever equalled by any of our own nation, without confessing, at the same time, that he is inferior to none. In some other kinds of writing his genius seems to have wanted fire to attain the point of perfection: but who can attain it? Mr. Waller addressed this poem to his Lordship *anno ætat.* 75.

Ad Comitem Monumetensem, &c. p. 107.

THIS copy of Latin verses I found prefixed to the Earl of Monmouth's translation of Cardinal Bentivoglio's History of the Wars of Flanders, which having been published in the year 1678, we may suppose that Mr. Waller wrote it *anno ætat.* 73.

On the Duke of Monmouth's Expedition into Scotland, &c. p. 108.

THE Scots intending to justify the barbarous murther of Archbishop Sharp by an open rebellion, made their general rendezvous at Bothwell Bridge, where they found their numbers increased to about seventeen thousand men. King Charles having ordered the Duke of Monmouth to suppress this insurrection in its infancy, his Grace accordingly repaired to Scotland with almost incredible expedition; and soon after his arrival, in one decisive action, routed and dispersed the rebels, who left about eight hundred slain, and twelve hundred prisoners, behind them. This battle having been fought on the 22d of June 1679, we may conclude that Mr. Waller wrote these verses in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

The Triple Combat, p. 109.

In the year 1675, came over to the English court the famous Duchess of Mazarine, who had formerly the greatest fortune of any lady in Europe, and was judged to have as much merit, at least so far as wit and beauty could extend; the two captivating qualities of her sex. She was once thought a fit match for the King himself, and so designed by the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, and Cardinal Mazarine; but now, with the loss of her fortune and her reputation, and the final parting from her husband, she was forced to take refuge in the English court, where she was for a while set up as a rival to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and might probably have proved so, had not her amorous inclinations towards another been too soon discovered to the King, who, notwithstanding, allowed her a half-pension, 4000*l.* a-year; and her house, for many years, became the rendezvous of all the men of wit and quality, and the scene of all the news of the Town, of gaming, curious and exquisite entertainments, and all manner of diversions. The reader may find a much fuller character of her in the works of St. Evremond and Abbot St. Real; but this relation from Mr. Echard is sufficient for the present occasion.—I suppose Mr. Waller wrote this poem in the seventieth year of his age.

Of an Elegy made by Mrs. Wharton, &c. p. 111.

She was the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, who, having no son, left his estate to be divided between this lady

and her sister, the Countess of Abingdon, whose memory Mr. Dryden has celebrated in a funeral panegyric. She was the late Marquis of Wharton's first wife, and died without issue. The Earl of Rochester's mother was aunt to her father Sir Henry Lee; for which reason Mr. Waller says they were allied both in genius and in blood.

Upon our late Loss of the Duke of Cambridge, p. 111.

He was the Duke of York's first son, by his second lady, Mary d'Este, born the 7th of November 1677, and died when he was about a month old.

Instructions to a Painter, &c. p. 112.

I have already observed, that Mr. Waller imitated Busenello's Venetian Triumph in the address of this poem; in which (as, indeed, in most of his panegyrics) he hath so closely confined himself to historical fact, and is so particular and full in describing the whole action, that very few passages will require any explanation. He wrote it *anno ætat.* 60.

The Battle of the Summer Islands, p. 125.

The islands of Bermuda derived that name from the first European discoverer, who was a Spaniard; but, about the year 1609, Sir George Summers being wrecked on that coast, settled a colony there, which he intended to have planted in Virginia, and called them The Summer Islands. They are situate in 32 degrees and 30 minutes of northern latitude.

With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name, &c.] It cannot be supposed that Mr. Waller would insinuate any remains of passion for the Lady Dorothy after her marriage; the names of Sidney and Sacharissa were laid down together in 1639; so that this poem was certainly written before that year, though there are no hints from which we can discover exactly the time of its production. In the conclusion of the last poem to that lady he declares his resolution to make a voyage to divert his despair; and if he was a proprietor of The Summer Islands, (as it is reported he was) he might, perhaps, at that time accompany his friend the Earl of Warwick, who had a large share in that plantation; and that division of Bermuda which was the scene of this action which Mr. Waller records, bears the name of that Earl, who, instead of loitering away life in court-attendance, employed his younger years in settling colonies in the West Indies, an employment more innocent, as well as more honourable, than what he afterwards engaged in! 'He was a man of a companionable wit and conversation, of an universal jollity, and such a licence in his words and in his actions, that a man of less virtue could not be found out; so that one might reasonably have believed that a man so qualified would not have been able to have contributed much to the overthrow of a nation and kingdom: but with all these faults he had great authority with that people who, in the beginning of the troubles, did all the mischief; and by opening his doors, and making his house the rendezvous of all the silenced ministers, in the time when there was authority to silence them, and spending a good part of his estate

(of which he was very prodigal) upon them, and by being present with them at their devotions, and making himself merry with them, and at them, (which they dispensed with) he became the head of that party, and got the style of *a godly man.* When the King revoked the Earl of Northumberland's commission of Admiral, he presently accepted the office from the parliament, and never quitted their service: and when Cromwell disbanded that parliament, he betook himself to the protection of the Protector, married his heir to his daughter, and lived in so entire a confidence and friendship with him, that when he died the Protector exceedingly lamented him. He left his estate (which before was subject to a vast debt) more improved and repaired than any man who trafficked in that desperate commodity of Rebellion.' *Earl of Clarendon's History, Book 6.*

VOL. II.

EPISTLES.

To the King, on his Navy, p. 9.

In all editions of Waller since the restoration, this poem has been placed the first; which, I suppose, hath induced most persons to imagine it to have been written several years sooner than it was. In this number I find the writer of Mr. Waller's life, who believes it was occasioned by the fleet that was sent out under the command of the Lord Viscount Wimbleton: and seems to have been led

into this opinion by that addition to the title, *in the year* 1626, which has been prefixed in some of the latest editions. The gentleman, whoever he was that fixed the date of this and some other of the poems, will not appear to have been very competently qualified for such an undertaking, if we reflect that he has mistaken no less than two years in his chronology upon the verses "On the Danger the Prince escaped at St. Andero;" and, having so grossly erred in a fact so notorious as that, I think we may decently dismiss him from the chair, and hear Mr. Rymer's opinion, though I believe there is reason not to stand to his decision in the case depending, 'Our language,' says he, 'retained something of the churl; something of the stiff and Gothish did stick upon it till long after Chaucer. Chaucer threw in Latin, French, Provincial, and other languages, like new stum, to raise a fermentation. In Queen Elizabeth's time it grew fine, but came not to a head and spirit, did not shine and sparkle, till Mr. Waller set it a-running. And one may observe, by his poem "On the Navy," *anno* 1632, that not the language only, but his poetry, then distinguished him from all his contemporaries, both in England and in other nations, and from all before him upwards to Horace and Virgil. For there, besides the language, clean and majestic; the thoughts new and noble; the verse sweet, smooth, full, and strong; the turn of the poem is happy to admiration; the first line, with all that follow in order, leads to the conclusion; all bring to the same point and centre:

> To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, he
> Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety.

Here is both Homer and Virgil: the *fortis Achilles*, and the *pius Æneas*, in the person he compliments, and the greatness owing to his virtue. The thought and application is most natural, just, and true in poetry, though in fact, and really, he might have no more fortitude or piety than another body; for the repairing then of Paul's gave a reasonable colour for his piety, and that navy-royal might well give him the pre-eminence in power above Achilles.'

I should willingly have acquiesced in this determination, if there had been any naval armament in the year 1632 considerable enough for the subject of Mr Waller's poem; neither did the war betwixt France and Spain, which is referred to in the third verse, break out till, I believe, almost three years after the date that Mr. Rymer hath assigned! and therefore, in a matter that still remains so uncertain, I may venture to interpose my own opinion, which, whether right or no, may be less liable to objections than those that have been already advanced.

In the year 1635 the Hollanders espoused the quarrel of France against Spain, and the terms stipulated in the treaty were, that they should not only divide the provinces of Flanders, but also Dunkirk, Ostend, and the other sea-ports on the coast, equally between them. Upon the concluding this league offensive and defensive, the Dutch forgot their obligations to the crown of England, treated their old benefactors with disrespect, and were more audacious in their encroachments upon the fishery on our coasts. King Charles thought it was high time to assert his sovereignty over the narrow seas, and immediately fitted out a much greater

fleet than had ever been equipped since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and appointed the Earl of Lindsey to command it. Sir William Monson, who served Vice-admiral under the Earl, informs us, in his Naval Tracts, that while this fleet was preparing, many idle, factious, and scandalous reports were invented, to persuade the people that those preparations were only an artifice of state to draw money from the subject. Could Mr. Waller ever have had a more happy opportunity than this of making his court to the King, by representing his actions in their proper light, in proclaiming his navy to be (as in truth it was) the glory and defence of the nation? and yet, to deal ingenuously, I am of opinion that this poem was written in the following year, when his great friend, the Earl of Northumberland was made admiral of a fleet not inferior to the former, in the thirty-first year of Mr. Waller's age.

To the Queen, occasioned upon sight of her Majesty's Picture, p. 10.

When all thoughts of a marriage with the Infanta of Spain were laid aside, King James consented that Prince Charles should make his addresses to Henrieta Maria de Bourbon, youngest daughter of Henry IV. of France, by his queen Mary de Medicis. Accordingly, in the year 1624, the Lord Kensington, (afterwards created Earl of Holland) was dispatched to make proposals to Lewis XIII. by whom they were embraced, and the nuptial ceremony was performed in the church of Nôtre Dame in Paris, on the 1st of May 1625. Mr. Waller seems

to have written this poem soon after her Majesty's arrival in England, *anno ætat.* 20. Nor shall we think him too profuse in praising her beauty, when we read the description of her person, which Lord Kensington gives, in a letter to the Prince of Wales, whom he would not dare to delude with a portrait of his own invention. 'Sir, if your intentions proceed this way, (as by many reasons of state and wisdom there is cause now rather to press it than slacken it) you will find a lady of as much loveliness and sweetness to deserve your affection as any creature under Heaven can do. And, Sir, by all her fashions since my being here, and by what I hear from the ladies, it is most visible to me her infinite value and respect unto you. Sir, I say not this to betray your belief, but from a true observation and knowledge of this to be so. I tell you this, and must somewhat more, in way of admiration of the person of Madame; for the impressions I ever had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement extraordinary, to find her (as I protest to God I did) the sweetest creature in France. Her growth is very little, short of her age, but her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse with her mother, and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances (the which I am a witness of) as well as ever I saw any creature. They say she sings sweetly; I am sure she looks so.' And in another letter he says, 'That for beauty and goodness she was an angel.' This description will claim the more regard when we reflect on the important occasion on which it was written, and on the person who wrote it, who was the most accomplished courtier of that age:

elegans formarum spectator, was the Earl of Holland's true character, and it had been happy for himself and the nation if he had never aspired to any other.

To the Queen-mother of France, upon her landing, p. 12.

MARY MEDICIS, queen-mother of France, is a sad and very singular instance how insecure the most commanding condition may prove against the vicissitudes of Fortune. She was daughter to the Great Duke of Tuscany, wife of Henry IV. of France, mother to Lewis XIII. his successor, to the Queens of England and Spain, and to the Duchess of Savoy, yet was made a sacrifice by her own son (a timorous and weak prince) to the ambition of Cardinal Richlieu, to whom she had been a benefactress. By him she was represented to the King of France as a person disaffected to his government, then was persecuted from the court, and at length confined to Compeigne; from whence she made her escape the 19th of July 1631, with so much precipitation, that she travelled thirty leagues without taking ease or refreshment. In the year 1638, her daughter, the Queen of England, invited her over, to take sanctuary in this nation, whither her evil genius pursued her; for, upon her arrival, the populace raised a tumult, in which three men were slain; and when the Earl of Holland, who was Lord-lieutenant of Middlesex, gave orders for a guard of an hundred musqueteers out of the militia to protect her Majesty's person, he was answered, that they thought it fitter for them to do

other things than to guard a foreigner. At length she was lodged safe in St. James's palace, where, for about three years, she enjoyed a pension of 3000*l.* a-month. At last the parliament petitioned for her removal out of the kingdom, which they softened with a present of 10,000*l.* to make provision for her journey. The King's affairs were too much perplexed for him to give protection to others; and therefore, in August 1641, he ordered the Earl of Arundel to attend this unfortunate princess to Cologne; where, having languished to the following year, in a condition very unsuitable to her high birth and former dignity, she died about five months before the implacable Cardinal. This poem was addressed to the Queen in the year 1638, in the thirty-third year of Mr. Waller's age.

The conclusion of this poem will be best understood by those who are acquainted with the Gierusalemme Liberata, in the nineteenth book of which the combat of Tancredi with Argantes, and in the twentieth that of Rinaldo with the Soldan, is described; and it needs no greater recommendation to be read, than its having been reverenced by Mr. Dryden next to the Æneis of Virgil. Mr. Waller not only learned the art of versifying from Fairfax's translation of it, but the subject made a lasting impression on his maturer judgment; for in some of his latest compositions, as well as in this, he expresseth a desire that the Christian princes would enter into a religious confederacy to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels. In this place it will not be improper to give a short account of the life of his favourite author.

Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, an ancient city in Italy, about six leagues distant from Naples, in the year 1544. In his infancy he manifested an amazing genius, which was afterwards cultivated at Rome and Padua with variety of polite literature; and when he was no more than twenty-two years old, he began to write his immortal Gierusalemme Liberata. Alphonsus Duke of Ferrara invited him to reside in his court, whither he repaired, and was received more like a victorious hero than a recorder of their actions; and, during his stay, was honoured with very singular marks of the Duke's esteem and affection. Nor was he less caressed by Charles IX. when, leaving Ferrara, he attended the Pope's nuncio to the court of France, which seemed to rival Italy in admiring him. But, to close these gaudy scenes, Fortune kept a dismal catastrophe in reserve; for Tasso, on his return to Italy, was unfortunately engaged in a duel, occasioned by a real or pretended amour, in which the reputation of a great lady was attainted; whereupon he was seized and imprisoned by the Duke of Ferrara's command, in whose palace the challenge was given. In his confinement he was dejected into a deep melancholy, which terminated in stupidity: in which sad disguise Montaigne tells us he saw him, but, without assigning the real cause, imputes it to the violent career of spirits which his great vivacity of wit had occasioned. 'What a condition,' says he, (as Mr. Cotton makes him speak) 'through his own agitation and promptness of fancy, is one of the most judicious, ingenious, and the best-formed souls to

the ancient and true poesy, of any other Italian poet that has been for these very many years, lately fallen into? Has he not great obligation to this vivacity that has destroyed him? to this light that has blinded him? to this exact and subtle apprehension of reason that has put him besides his? to his curious and laborious scrutiny after sciences that has reduced him to a brute? I was more angry (if possible) than compassionate, to see him at Ferrara in so pitiful a condition survive himself; forgetting both himself and his works, which (without his knowledge, though before his face! (have been published deformed and incorrect.' The ingenious translator thought his author in this place had described Ariosto, a very pardonable mistake! since many flights in his Orlando seem to have been the dreams of an over-heated imagination. I cannot find how long Tasso continued in this deplorable condition; but, it is said, by the care that was taken of him in an hospital, he recovered the use of his reason; and Thuanus informs us, that in his lucid intervals he wrote like one inspired with a divine fury, and was master of a judgment sedate and cool enough to correct what he composed. At last he was invited to Rome to receive the laurel with the public solemnities with which it is usually conferred in that city; but whilst the pageantry was preparing, he was seized by a fever, and died in the fifty-first year of his age; and being privately interred in the church dedicated to St. Humphrey, a plain marble was laid over his grave, with this epitaph; *Hic jacet Torquatus Tassus;* where, some years after, Cardinal Bevilaqua

erected a handsome monument, with a Latin inscription, longer, indeed, than the former, but so unequal to the person it commemorates, that it is not worth my transcribing.

The Country; to my Lady of Carlisle, p. 13.

THE Lady Lucy Percy, whom the best English poets of that age, and Voiture, the politest wit of France, celebrated under the title of The Countess of Carlisle, was a younger daughter of Henry Earl of Northumberland; who, upon a suspicion of his not having been entirely ignorant of the gunpowder plot, was for many years imprisoned in the Tower. During his confinement the Lady Lucy was married to James Hay, created Viscount Doncaster, and Earl of Carlisle, by King James I.; with which alliance her father was so highly offended, that with extreme difficulty she obtained his forgiveness, but could never regain his affection. In conjunction with a wonderful vivacity of wit, and all the graces peculiar to her sex in a most eminent degree, she was blessed with a masculine vigour of mind, but is censured for having abused it to the perplexing King Charles's affairs with the parliament; on which account a late learned and ingenious writer calls her 'the Helen of her country.' But here it will be more decent to draw a veil over her political errors, and view her only in that agreeable light in which Mr. Waller and Sir Toby Matthews have placed her. The latter of these gentlemen has given us her description in prose, which is alluded to by Sir

John Suckling in his Session of the Poets. I only say it is alluded to, but believe it was originally mentioned; for I am persuaded that, in the verse on which I ground my conjecture, for the word *care*, we should read,

> For had not her Character furnish'd you out
> With something of handsome, &c.

A small number of Suckling's plays were printed for himself, to present to the quality when they were acted at court; but his poems and letters were published by his friend the Earl of Denbigh after his death, from such imperfect copies as his Lordship could hastily collect; and therefore it is not strange if many of them still retain their original corruption. In the poem I have just quoted (to instance in no more) Shillingsworth, Walter, Cid, have been constantly misprinted for Chillingworth, Waller, and Sid, *i. e.* Sidney Godolphin. But it is time to let the character itself atone for this digression which it occasioned.

'This lady's birth is noble, from a high and ancient descent, and in it her blood is kept pure by often alliance with great and princely families. Time has allowed it a line of longer measure than almost to any by continuance, and so, as we cannot with ease give an account of the first greatness and elevation of her ancestors; but yet it leaves certain marks by which we may (as by a kind of back light) point at many of them, whose courage and virtues have dignified both their good fortunes and their ill. She is of too high a mind and dignity not only to seek, but almost to wish, the friendship of any creature; they whom she is

pleased to choose are such as are of the most eminent condition both for power and employments; not with any design towards her own particular, either of advantage or curiosity, but her nature values fortunate persons as virtuous; who, if they be not so by this opinion, they have an advantage of them who are so, by this choice. It may be she doth this by way of gratitude to Fortune, who hath taken so much care of her, as that from a doubtful, and, I might say, a kind of fearful condition, she hath placed and secured her, as it were, in her own very arms; from whence this great lady might yet, perhaps, have removed herself by the careless use of those benefits, of the provisions which Fortune hath made for her, were they not too abundant. They who are even as it were in her very veins, as brothers and sisters, she extremely loves, but she values them more as they are so to her; she wants not also kindness for their children. But such as are more removed from her she considers no otherwise than as streams, which run too far to have any participation of her excellences. She has as much sense and gratitude for the actions of friendship as so extreme a beauty will give her leave to entertain; and from our sex she may expect all expressions of servitude by the very nature and duty thereof. She more willingly allows of the conversation of men than of women; yet when she is amongst those of her own sex, her discourse is of fashions and dresses, which she hath ever so perfect upon herself, as she likewise teaches them by seeing her. Amongst men her person is both considered and admired, and her wit, being most eminent among the rest of her great abilities,

she affects the conversation of the persons who are most famed for it; though yet she be so handsomely civil to all, as that at the first you would believe her to be more guided by that civility of her's than perhaps she is, since she will rather show what she can do, than let her nature continue in it; unless she consider something in the persons very extraordinary and new, which she cannot find by their admiring her, (for that is not to be avoided!) and then she may requite them by allowing it: but yet if even that be not expressed with the assistance of fortune, and when she is in a good humour, and in the distance and with the duty for which she looks, you may perhaps find scorn when you expect acceptation; reproving more the omissions of (that which the majesty of her person teaches) reverence, than she cherishes (what her beauty both begets and enforces) love: yet will she freely discourse of love, and hear both the fancies and powers of it; but if you will needs bring it within knowledge, and boldly direct it to herself, she is likely to divert the discourse, or, at least, seem not to understand it; by which you may know her humour and her justice; for since she cannot love in earnest, she would have nothing from love, so contenting herself to play with Love as with a child. She hath too great a heart to have naturally any strong inclination to others, not allowing them to grow from thence, as finding there no motions of affection, but only upon consideration of the merit of others towards her: so that naturally she hath no passion at all, since inclinations are the ground and foundation upon which passion is built: but yet she will observe

them whose reputation gives a value to their persons and condition, as if she would not be unwilling to find something of entertainment whereby to please herself, or pass her time. But then, her examinations going ever by way of compulsion towards herself, they return unsatisfied. I conceive her not to be of a less sensible nature than she will acknowledge in herself. I believe she cannot find in it those little tendernesses which she will disallow in others, but yet, upon occasions worthy of her kindness or compassion, (which, though they differ in their nature, yet they agree in the same shows) it hath broken out sometimes like suppressed flames: but I confess they are so few occasions that can bring it thus to light, as she may well be mistaken in her own heart by the seldom working of it; or, peradventure, in her reason she may make it this defence against those expressions, that they are occasions to force her to take this unsensibleness upon her nature, which is like giving of denials before suits be asked, or else as proclamations which forbid what may happen; and then, if they be disobeyed, it is to be upon our own peril. She affects particular so much, that she dislikes general courtesies, and you may fear to be less valued by her for your obliging her; she, peradventure, believing it to proceed in them from some easiness and custom of the mind, rather than from a generosity and humanity of the nature; which I conceive to be her greatest injustice, having observed her to be so careful for some who have desired favours from her, as that her charity or her nature hath sought advantages for them who were strangers to her, who yet might

well have taken them from those other who were not so to her. To show her understanding, not her disvaluing, of persons, she will freely deliver her opinion of them; and as, in whomsoever we can speak of, there is, for the greatest part, more to be reformed than commended, so, in the delivering of her censures that way, it shows her judgment can discover (that which we strive most to conceal) our imperfections and errors. Though she be observed not to be very careful in the public exercises of our religion, yet I agree not with their opinion who hold her likely to abandon and change it; not only for the faith and trust which she hath in the truth and goodness of it, but to avoid the doing of that which she believes to be a levity and declaration of a former ignorance. This lady, whom both Fortune and Nature have ever been in strife to serve, (the one with her benefits, the other with her blessings) wants not a sense and contentment in both; but conveniences of this kind being no true delight, she takes the greatest joy in the perfections of her own person, since Fortune cannot give her such a store and stock as Nature doth to all that behold her; from which you may yet, perhaps, come to take so much that you may find it to be a burdenous treasure, since you cannot lay it out, or make any use of it, she being not to be purchased by her own gifts. If gratitude may be procured from her, it may go for an extraordinary reward, though from others it would be held but for a cold charity. She is more esteemed than beloved by her own sex in two respects: the one, for that her beauty far exceeds theirs; and the other, for that her wit doth the

like; which makes most of them (especially such as pretend towards either of these excellences) to avoid her company through their envy, as being constrained in it, her beauty putting their faces out of countenance, as her wit doth their minds. She is so great a lover of variety, as that when she may not otherwise express it, she will remove her own thoughts, if not change her opinions, even of those persons that are not least considered by her; and when they have given her this entertainment, let them settle again in their former places with her. She hath certain high and elevated thoughts in which she is pleased most, and they carry her mind above any thing within her knowledge. She believeth nothing to be worthy of her consideration but her own imaginations: these gallant fancies keep her in satisfaction when she is alone, where she will make something worthy of her liking, since in the world she cannot find any thing worthy of her loving. Amongst the rest of her unnumbered perfections, she hath a grace and facility, (and I might well say, a felicity) in her expressions, since they are certain, and always in the best and fewest words: and as they are handsome, they are likewise so faithful in the relation of any thing, as that she refines the language, and yet within the true limits of the occasion, adding nothing to the substance, but yet infinitely to the manner. She is in disposition inclined to be choleric, which she suppresses, not, perhaps, in consideration of the persons who occasion it, but upon a belief that it is unhandsome towards herself; which yet, being thus covered, doth so kindle and fire her wit, as that, in very few words, it says somewhat so ex-

tracted, as that it hath a sharpness, and strength, and taste, to disrelish if not to kill, the proudest hopes which you can have of her value of you. She affects extremes, because she cannot suffer any condition but of plenty and glory, in which if she had not an assured and very eminent kind of being, she would fly to the other extreme of retiredness, and so rather obscure herself than not be herself; it being natural to her, as her life, to maintain it in magnificence. She hath been told by her physicians, that she is inclined to melancholy; and this opinion of theirs proved to be the best remedy for it by the mirth which she expressed at it. This I say to show her to be of a cheerful nature in her own opinion, who best can judge of it, as she, the most comely of all creatures, can express it. She hath, as all noble hearts have, ambition; which, I conceive, she rather conserves as a humour necessary to the mind, (as those of the body also are) than for any particular end or wish, she being so free from the want of any thing, as that it must be a study (and in that a pain) for her to inquire what to desire.'

All that remains to be added concerning this celebrated lady is, that she had no children by the Earl of Carlisle, whom she survived, without engaging in a second marriage, to the year 1660; and was then interred, near her unfortunate father, at Petworth, in Sussex.

To my Lord of Northumberland, upon the Death of his Lady, p. 16.

I CANNOT with any certainty inform myself in what year the lady died who occasioned the writing this poem, and will defer my conjecture till I come to fix the date of that which immediately succeeds. She was the Lady Anne Cecil, daughter of that Earl of Salisbury to whom chiefly the old Earl of Northumberland imputed the loss of his liberty; and when he was told, in the Tower, what choice his son, the Lord Percy, had made, he expressed his abhorrence of the marriage with this passionate exclamation, 'My blood will not mingle with Cecil's in a bason.' I can add nothing, and nothing needs to be added, to that amiable character which Mr. Waller has left of this lady; and therefore I will proceed to transcribe the Earl of Clarendon's account of her lord, which is far from being equally advantageous to his memory.

'Of those who were of the King's council, and who staid and acted with the parliament, the Earl of Northumberland may well be reckoned the chief, in respect of the antiquity and splendor of his family, his great fortune and estate, and the general reputation he had among the greatest men, and his great interest by being High Admiral of England. Though he was of a family that had lain under frequent blemishes of want of fidelity to the crown, and his father had been long a prisoner in the Tower, under some suspicion of having some knowledge of the gunpowder treason; and after he was set at liberty by the mediation

and credit of the Earl of Carlisle, (who had, without and against his consent, married his daughter) he continued to his death under such a restraint, that he had not liberty to live and reside upon his northern estate. Yet this lord's father was no sooner dead than the King poured out his favours upon him in a wonderful measure. He begun with conferring the Order of the Garter upon him, and shortly after made him of his privy council. When a great fleet of ships was prepared, by which the King meant that his neighbour-princes should discern that he intended to maintain and preserve his sovereignty at sea, he sent the Earl of Northumberland admiral of that fleet, (a much greater than the crown had put to sea since the death of Queen Elizabeth) that he might breed him for that service before he gave him a more absolute command: and after he had in that capacity exercised himself a year or two, the King made him Lord High Admiral of England; which was such a quick succession of bounties and favours as had rarely befallen any man who had not been attended with the envy of a favourite. He was in all his deportment a very great man, and that which looked like formality was a punctuality in preserving his dignity from the invasion and intrusion of bold men, which no man of that age so well preserved himself from. Though his notions were not large or deep, yet his temper and reservedness in discourse got him the reputation of an able and a wise man; which he made evident in the excellent government of his family, where no man was more absolutely obeyed, and no man had ever fewer idle words to answer for; and in debates of

importance he always expressed himself very pertinently. If he had thought the King as much above him, as he thought himself above other considerable men, he would have been a good subject; but the extreme undervaluing those, and not enough valuing the King, made him liable to the impressions which they who approached him by those addresses of reverence and esteem, that usually insinuate into such natures, made in him; so that after he was first prevailed upon not to do that which in honour and gratitude he was obliged to, (which is a very pestilent corruption!) he was with the more facility led to concur in what, in duty and fidelity, he ought not to have done, and what at first he never intended to have done; and so he concurred in all the councils which produced the rebellion, and staid with them to support it. * * * He died in the year 1668, *anno ætat.* 66, and was buried, near his sister, the Countess of Carlisle, at Petworth, having been the tenth Earl of his family, and the sixth who had been honoured with the Garter.'

To my Lord Admiral, of his late Sickness and Recovery, p. 17.

The time and occasion of writing this poem appears to have been when the Earl of Northumberland was appointed General of the English army against the Scots, and excused himself from action by pretending want of health, though his conduct soon afterwards evidenced it was want of inclination to exert that vigour which the King's affairs required, and which, of all men living, he was the

most bound by gratitude to have exerted: and therefore we may suppose that Mr. Waller made him the compliment of these verses (a very seasonable one to cover his disaffection) in the latter end of the year 1640, *anno ætat.* 35. And the death of the Earl's lady being mentioned as if it were still green in his memory, the preceding poem was probably written the year before, or perhaps a little earlier.

To Van Dyke, p. 19.

Sir Anthony Van Dyke was born at Antwerp, in the year 1599, and gave such early proofs of his most excellent endowments, that Reubens his master, fearing he would become as universal as himself, to divert him from histories, used to commend his talent in painting after the life, and took such care to keep him continually employed in business of that nature, that he resolved, at last, to make it his principal study. For his improvement he went to Venice, where he attained the beautiful colouring of Titian, Paulo Veronese, &c.; and after a few years spent in Rome, Genoa, and Sicily, returned home to Flanders, with a manner of painting so noble, natural, and easy, that Titian himself was hardly his superior, and no other master in the world equal to him for portraits. He came over into England soon after Reubens had left it, and was entertained in the service of King Charles I. who conceived a marvellous esteem for his works, honoured him with knighthood, presented him with his own picture, set round with diamonds, assigned him a considerable pension, sat very often to him for his portrait, and was followed by most of the

nobility and principal gentry of the kingdom: but towards the latter end of life he grew weary of the continued trouble that attended face-painting; and being ambitious to immortalize his name by some more glorious undertaking, he went to Paris, in hopes of being employed in the grand gallery of the Louvre; but not succeeding in that design, he returned to England, and made a proposal to the King, by his friend Sir Kenelm Digby, to form Cartoons for the banquetting-house at Whitehall, the subject of which was to have been the Institution of the Order of the Garter, the Procession of the Knights in their habits, with the ceremony of their Instalment, and St. George's feast: but his demand of 30,000*l.* being thought unreasonable, whilst the King was upon treating with him for a less sum, the gout and other distempers put an end to that affair, and his life, 1641, in the forty-second year of his age, and his body was interred in St. Paul's. He was low of stature, but well proportioned, very handsome, modest, and extremely obliging; a great encourager of all who excelled in any art or science, and generous to the very last degree. He married the daughter of the Lord Ruthven, Earl of Gowry, one of the greatest beauties of the English court, and lived in state and grandeur answerable to her birth. His own garb was generally very rich, his coaches and equipage magnificent, his retinue numerous, his table very splendid, and so much frequented by people of the best quality of both sexes, that his apartments seemed rather to be the court of a prince than the lodgings of a painter. *See Mr. Graham's Lives of the Painters.*

To my Lord of Leicester, p. 21.

'THE Earl of Leicester was a man of great parts, very conversant in books, and much addicted to the mathematics; and though he had been a soldier, and commanded a regiment in the service of the States of the United Provinces, and was afterwards employed in several embassies, as in Denmark and in France, was in truth rather a speculative than a practical man, and expected a greater certitude in the consultation of business, than the business of this world is capable of; which temper proved very inconvenient to him through the course of his life. He was, after the death of the Earl of Strafford, by the concurrent kindness and esteem both of the King and Queen, called from his embassy in France to be Lieutenant of the kingdom of Ireland, and in a very short time after unhappily lost that kindness and esteem: and being, about the time of the King's coming to Oxford, ready to embark at Chester for the execution of his charge, he was required to attend his Majesty for farther instructions at Oxford, where he remained: and though he was of the council, and sometimes present, he desired not to have any part in the business, and lay under many reproaches and jealousies which he deserved not; for he was a man of honour and fidelity to the King; and his greatest misfortunes proceeded from the staggering and irresolution in his nature.' *Earl of Clarendon's History, Book* vi.

To my young Lady Lucy Sidney, p. 23.

THE title of this poem is reprinted here as I find it in the first edition of Mr. Waller. The lady to whom it is addressed was the Lady Dorothy's younger sister: she was born in the year 1625, and married to Sir John Pelham, grandfather to his Grace the present Duke of Newcastle.

To Amoret, p. 24.

I REMEMBER to have heard his Grace the late Duke of Buckinghamshire say, that the person whom Mr. Waller celebrated under the title of Amoret was the Lady Sophia Murray.

To my Lord of Falkland, p. 27.

IN the beginning of the year 1639, (when Mr. Waller was in the thirty-fourth year of his age), King Charles was obliged to raise an army to oppose the Scots in their intended invasion of England, and appointed the Earl of Holland, brother to the forementioned Earl of Warwick, to be General of the Horse, which proved of fatal consequence to his Majesty's service; for he no sooner brought the troops within view of the rebels, but he made a most shameful retreat, and left his courage, conduct, and fidelity, to be questioned by all men, as their passions or interests inclined them to censure. 'He was a very well-bred man, and a fine gentleman in good times, but too much desired to enjoy ease and plenty when the King could have neither, and did think poverty the

most insupportable evil that could befal any man in this world.' And by that base maxim he was probably swayed, after he had received many unmerited favours, to abandon his royal benefactor when he most wanted his service. But his ingratitude was severely revenged upon him by the very party to which he revolted; and too late endeavouring to redeem the reputation of loyalty, he fell, unpitied, a sacrifice to the same faction for which not many years before, he had too wantonly prostituted his honour. In that inglorious northern expedition, which occasioned the writing this poem, he was accompanied by that great ornament of human nature, Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, who about four years afterwards was slain at the battle Newbury: 'a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.' *Earl of Clarendon's History, Book* vii.

To Chloris, p. 83.

CHLORIS! *since first our calm of peace*, &c.] I never had the least suspicion that this little poem was not genuine, before I found this memorandum annexed to the title of it in the table of an old edition, 'which Mr. Waller says is supposititious, in an edition given my father, (out of which I

transcribed the additions into this) faultily printed, but corrected by the Author under his own hand.' After all, the verses are written so exactly in Mr. Waller's manner, and I not being able to inform the reader to whom this book formerly belonged, I suppose he will think himself at liberty to believe, that our author wrote them when he was young, and afterwards was too delicate to own them under the title which they bear in the first impression—*To Chloris, upon a favour received.*

To Mr. Henry Lawes, &c. p. 35.

He was master of the public and private music to King Charles I. by whom he was distinguished with marks of particular esteem, and usually called The Father of Music. In the Great Rebellion he preserved his duty and gratitude inviolate, and was slain in the quarrel of his royal master at the siege of Chester, in the year 1645. All the best poets of that age were ambitious of having their verses composed by this incomparable artist; who having been educated under Signor Coperario, introduced a softer mixture of Italian airs than before had been practised in our nation.

To my worthy Friend Sir Thomas Higgons, upon his Translation of the Venetian Triumph, p. 42.

The Venetian Triumph was a poem composed by Gio. Francesco Busenello, addressed to his friend Pietro Liberi, instructing him to paint the famous sea-fight between the Turks and Venetians near the Dardanelles, in the year 1656; which Theve-

not, who was at Constantinople during the action, has described in the fifty-third chapter of the first book of his Travels. This method of address was afterwards imitated by Mr. Waller, in his poem on the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch, and continued long the prevailing mode, both in panegyric and satire, till one of our poets disgraced it so effectually, by degrading it from the pencil to Vanderbank's loom, that it will require a writer of Mr. Waller's genius and authority to bring it again into fashion among us. I cannot think, after all Busenello's compliments, that Liberi ever attained to any distinguishing excellence in his art, since I do not remember that he is mentioned among the most eminent masters of the Venetian School. Besides this poem, Busenello composed two dramatic baubles, the substance of which are Poppæa and Statira, which were acted by the *Virtuosi Cantanti* at Venice; to the latter of which there is prefixed a protest, which, because it is short, and gives us an idea of the writer, I will here translate: 'The author protests that every word and phrase relating to the Deity, *viz.* gods, idols, idolatry, stars, heaven, destiny, chance, and such others, are purely the flights of his pen, to adorn his poesy, and give strength to his diction: in other respects the same author, who writes like a poet, adheres religiously to the faith and practice of a Christian.'

To a Friend, of the different success of their Loves, p. 43.

THE title of this poem in the first edition is, 'To A. H. on the different Success of their Loves;' which initial letters were probably intended for Alexander Hambden, a relation of our Author, who engaged with him in that confederacy which is commonly called Mr. Waller's Plot: and though, perhaps, his name preserved him from being prosecuted with the same severity as others, yet the parliament suffered him to die in prison, though no judgment had been given against him; for, 'the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.'

To Zelinda, p. 44.

THE Author seems to have composed these verses purely for an exercise of his fancy, upon reading the sixth book of Des Maretz's Ariane; where Palamede addressing his courtship to Zelinde, who was descended from the Parthian kings, she answered, 'I am a princess, and being such, I will listen to proposals of this kind from none but a prince.' Upon this the gallant takes fire, and the dialogue grows so warm, that, as himself observes, it looked as if he came to affront the princess, rather than to insinuate himself into her affections. Mr. Waller being probably of opinion that Monsieur Palamede's arguments were too *brusque* to be advanced in a dispute with a lady, who numbered not fewer than twenty kings of her progenitors, wrote his poem in a more tender and

courtly style, which I leave to be compared with Des Maretz's prose, by those who are inclined to decide the prize of gallantry between them.

To my Lady Morton, &c. p. 45.

Anne Countess of Morton was daughter to Sir Edward Villiers, (the great Duke of Buckingham's brother) and wife of Robert Douglas, Lord Dalkeith, who, on the death of his father, succeeded to the Earldom of Morton. She was one of the most admired beauties of that age, and the graces of her mind were not inferior to those of her person, for which reason she was distinguished by the concurrent choice of King Charles I. and his Queen, to be governess to the Princess Henrietta, whom she conveyed, in disguise, from Oatlands into France, in the year 1646. At that time Mr. Waller was there in exile, and to his private calamities had a large addition of sorrow, in seeing that coast covered with the wrecks of a royal family which, but a few years before, he had beheld in so flourishing a security, that one might have reasonably believed the greatest violence of Fortune would have beat on it in vain. And very disproportionate to their affliction and former grandeur was their reception at the court of France, through the artifice of that poor-spirited politician Mazarine; who, though he was a member of the Sacred College, seems to have reverenced Cromwell more than his Maker. But, having first observed that Mr. Waller presented these verses to the Lady Morton, *anno Dom.* 1650, *ætat.* 45, I will dismiss this unpleasing subject with Cardinal

de Retz's account of a visit which he paid at the Louvre, as it is told by his translator. 'I went to visit the Queen of England, whom I found in her daughter's chamber, who hath been since Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in, she said, "You see I am come to keep Henrietta company; the poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire." The truth is, that the Cardinal (Mazarine) for six months together, had not ordered her any money towards her pension; that no tradespeople would trust her for any thing, and that there was not at her lodgings in the Louvre one single billet.*** I remembered the condition I had found her in, and strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner, which caused the parliament (of Paris) to send 40,000 livres to her Majesty.' Posterity will hardly believe that a princess of England, grand-daughter to Henry the Great, hath wanted a faggot, in the month of January, to get out of bed in the Louvre, and in the eyes of a French court!

A Panegyric to my Lord Protector, &c. p. 48.

Upon the detection of Mr. Waller's design to promote the King's service in the City, (of which the Earl of Clarendon has given a large account in the seventh book of his History of the Rebellion) Whitlocke informs us, that 'he obtained a reprieve from General Essex; and after a year's imprisonment he paid a fine of 10,000*l.* was pardoned, and travelled into France;' where, having continued for about ten years, upon his friend's application to Cromwell, who had then solely engrossed the inslaving of the nation, he was permitted to return;

and about the year 1654, *anno ætat.* 49, he expressed his gratitude to the Usurper in this admirable panegyric.

To the King, upon his Majesty's happy Return, p. 55.

THE date of this poem coincides with the fifty-fifth year of Mr. Waller's age, from which time his genius began to decline apace from its meridian: yet, whatever traces of old age may appear in his latter compositions, (as Longinus says of Homer) we must still confess it to be the old age of Mr. Waller.

——— Cognoscite, Teucri!
Quæ fuerint Illi juvenili in corpore vires.

We are told in the *Menagiana*, that when he presented this poem to the King, his Majesty said, he thought it much inferior to his panegyric on Cromwell. 'Sir,' replied Mr. Waller, 'we poets never succeed so well in writing truth as in fiction.'

To the Queen, upon her Majesty's Birth-day, &c. p. 59.

QUEEN Catharine, Infanta of Portugal, was born on the 14th of November, *N. S.* 1638, but her birth-day was observed in England on the 25th of that month, agreeable to the old method of computation; on which day Mr. Waller presented this poem to her Majesty, soon after her recovery from a dangerous fever, *anno Dom.* 1663, *ætat. suæ* 58.

This poem concludes that edition which was printed in the year 1664, at which time Mr. Waller

expressed his resolution to hang up his harp, by subscribing these two verses from Horace, *lib.* i. *ep.* 1.

Nunc itaque et versus, et cætera ludicra pono;
Quid verum, atque decens curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

But since he soon relapsed into poetry, I thought it would not be very material to preserve them any longer in their usual station. It appears, from the date in the title of this poem, that Mr. Waller wrote and presented it to the Queen, *anno ætat.* 78.

To the Duchess of Orleans, &c. p. 56.

THE Princess Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of King Charles I. was born at Exeter on the 16th of June 1644. When she was about two years old she was privately conveyed into France, as hath already been observed in the Remarks on the poem to the Countess of Morton; where, soon after the restoration, she was married to the French king's only brother, Philip Duke of Anjou, who succeeded to the title of Orleans on the death of his uncle. But, alas!

Eumenides tennere faces de funere raptas,
Eumenides stravere torum.——

She is said to have been extremely beautiful; and even Burnet confesseth that she was thought the wittiest woman in France; though soon afterwards repenting of his ingenuity, he takes some pains to poison her reputation. Being prevailed upon by the French King to endeavour to engage her brother, King Charles II. in a league with him to humble the Dutch, she arrived at Dover about the middle of May 1670, where she staid something more than a fortnight, and was entertained by all

her royal relations, attended with the flower of the English court, with all possible demonstrations of joy, during which time a scheme against Holland was concerted. Her husband, while she was absent, either wrought upon by the weakness and malice of his own nature, or the wicked insinuations of others, contracted an ill opinion of her conjugal virtue, so that nothing but her blood could extinguish his jealousy; and accordingly, soon after her return to St. Cloud, she was dispatched by a dose of sublimate given her in a glass of succory-water, when she had just completed the twenty-sixth year of her age. During her torments, which for about ten hours were violent, she expressed great resignation, and told the Duke of Orleans, that 'she was the willinger to die, because her conscience upbraided her with nothing ill in her conduct towards him.' After such a declaration of her innocence, made in the very article of death, it ill became a Christian bishop to impeach her fidelity. Mr. Waller writ this poem, *anno ætat.* 65.

SONG.

Stay, Phœbus! stay, p. 67.

THE famous Philip de Mornay was a favourite and privy counsellor to Henry IV. of France, till that monarch revolted to the Romish communion, from whom, I suppose, the lady to whom this song is addressed was descended; and she probably was one of Queen Henrietta's attendants, who, upon

the misbehaviour of Madame St. George and the Bishop of Mende, were obliged to quit both the English court and kingdom, in the year 1627; but this I offer purely as a conjecture of my own, and refer it to the reader's discretion to receive or reject it. The latter stanza of these verses (which are certainly of Mr. Waller's earliest production) alludes to the Copernican system, in which the earth is supposed to be a planet, and to move on its own axis round the sun, the centre of the universe. Dr. Donne and Mr. Cowley industriously affected to entertain the fair sex with such philosophical allusions, which, in his riper age, Mr. Waller as industriously avoided.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

Epigram upon the Golden Medal, p. 79.

THE title of this epigram is so concise, that it renders the conclusion of it almost as obscure as any passage in Persius or Lycophron. I am very diffident in advancing a conjecture so much in the dark; yet for once I will venture, in hope that, since it is offered with caution, it will be rejected with candour if it is not approved. Roti, the celebrated engraver to King Charles II. was so passionate an admirer of the beautiful Mrs. Stuart, (afterwards Duchess of Richmond) that on the reverse of the best of our coin he delineated the face of Britannia from her picture; and in some medals, where he had more room to display both his art and affec-

tion, the similitude of features is said to have been so exact, that every one who knew her Grace, at the first view could discover who sat for Britannia. This epigram, therefore, compliments the Duchess upon her virtue being impregnable, and superior to temptation; in which sense, whatever effect it may have upon our faith, it is reconciled to our understanding. And, if I may be indulged in carrying my conjecture a little farther, I fancy these verses were composed soon after Roti had stamped that medal, the date of which is coincident with the sixtieth year of Mr. Waller's age.

Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendish, p 84.

THIS gallant gentleman was a younger son of William Earl of Devonshire, and brother to that beautiful and every-way-excellent Lady Rich, who hath already been mentioned. His genius led him equally to excel in letters and in arms; but the course of his studies (in which the mathematics engaged his principal attention) being interrupted by the rebellion, he was among the first who drew their swords in the crown's defence; and after many signal services performed for the King in the North, he was slain at Gainsborough, 1643, in the twenty-third year of his age. Cromwell, who commanded that party of rebels by which he was defeated, in a letter to the Committee of Association then sitting at Cambridge, says, 'My captain-lieutenant slew him with a thrust under the short ribs:' which may very well consist with another account, which informs us that he was murdered in cold blood, after

quarter had been offered, and he had accepted it. His body was then deposited at Newark, but removed, and buried with his mother's at Derby, in the year 1674.

Early abroad he did the world survey, &c.] The Memoirs of the family of Cavendish inform us, that after this gentleman had made the tour of France and Italy, he embarked at Venice for Constantinople; and, after a long circuit by land through Natolia, sailed to Alexandria, thence to Cairo, visited Malta in his course to Spain; and from Spain returning to Paris, he arrived in England about the end of May, in the year 1641.

Epitaph on the Lady Sedley, p. 85.

She was Elizabeth, only daughter of the learned Sir Henry Savil, Provost of Eton College, and wife to Sir John Sedley, a Kentish Baronet, by whom she was mother of that Sir Charles who so fairly distinguished himself among the politest wits in the court of King Charles II.

Epitaph to be written under the Latin Inscription, &c. p. 86.

Charles Howard, Lord Viscount Andover, was eldest son to Thomas Earl of Berkshire, whose child, for whom this epitaph was intended, lies interred in New-Elm church, in the county of Oxford; from whence I have received the Latin inscription referred to in the title, which is such a wretched composition, and the chisel has mangled it so much

in the pointing and spelling, that I can make no other use of it but only to discover, by this noble youth's having died in the year 1641, that Mr. Waller seems to have written these verses before he was banished, and probably in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

THE Divine Poems at the end of the first volume were the last of Mr. Waller's productions, most of them having been written when he was about eighty years old; in which, though there is not the same elevation and fire as in his earlier compositions,

> His setting sun still shoots a glimmering ray,
> Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay.
>
> DRYDEN.

And thus I have endeavoured to discharge the debt of gratitude which I owed to Mr. Waller's memory for the pleasure I have received in reading his Poems, by attempting to restore the text to its original purity, and adding such illustrations as some of them very much wanted. They are extended, I confess, to a much greater length than I designed; yet I am very sensible that many defects are remaining, which I shall be glad to see supplied, as I wish the whole had been undertaken by some abler hand, having a far stronger inclination to please and improve myself with the writings of others, than to trouble the world with my own. In the great variety of persons and things of which these Observations consist, some, but I hope no

very material, errors may have escaped me; as find, upon a hasty review, in the article relating Mr. Lawes, that not he, but his elder bro. r *William*, was favourite musician to King Charles and slain by the rebels at Chester: for t to tl uncommon felicity of committing no mistakes, is surely the most generous pleasure to confess an correct them.

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